

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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CRESSY.

## CHAPTER III.

WHEN within a dozen paces of the master McKinstry, scarcely checking his mustang, threw himself from the saddle, and with a sharp cut of his *riata* on the animal's haunches sent him still galloping towards the distant house. Then, with both hands deeply thrust in the side pockets of his long, loose linen coat, he slowly lounged with clanking spurs towards the young man. He was thick-set, of medium height, densely and reddish bearded, with heavy-lidded pale blue eyes that wore a look of drowsy pain, and after their first wearied glance at the master, seemed to rest anywhere but on him.

"Your wife was sending you your rifle by Cressy," said the master, "but I offered to bring it myself, as I thought it scarcely a proper errand for a young lady. Here it is. I hope you didn't miss it before and don't require it now," he added quietly.

Mr. McKinstry took it in one hand with an air of slightly embarrassed surprise, rested it against his shoulder, and then with the same hand and without removing the other from his pocket, took off his soft felt hat, showed a bullet-hole in its rim, and returned lazily, "It's about half an hour late, but them Harrisons reckoned I was fixed for 'em and war too narvous to draw a clear bead on me."

The moment was evidently not a  
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felicitous one for the master's purpose, but he was determined to go on. He hesitated an instant, when his companion, who seemed to be equally but more sluggishly embarrassed, in a moment of preoccupied perplexity withdrew from his pocket his right hand swathed in a blood-stained bandage, and following some instinctive habit, attempted, as if reflectively, to scratch his head with two stiffened fingers.

"You are hurt," said the master, genuinely shocked, "and here I am detaining you."

"I had my hand up—so," explained McKinstry, with heavy deliberation, "and the ball raked off my little finger after it went through my hat. But that ain't what I wanted to say when I stopped ye. I ain't just kam enough yet," he apologized in the calmest manner, "and I clean forgit myself," he added with perfect self-possession. "But I was kalkilatin' to ask you"—he laid his bandaged hand familiarly on the master's shoulder—"if Cressy kem all right?"

"Perfectly," said the master. "But shan't I walk on home with you, and we can talk together after your wound is attended to?"

"And she looked purty?" continued McKinstry without moving.

"Very."

"And you thought them new store grounds of hers right peart?"

"Yes," said the master. "Perhaps a little too fine for the school,

you know," he added insinuatingly, "and —"

"Not for her—not for her," interrupted McKinstry. "I reckon thar's more whar that cam from! Ye needn't fear but that she kin keep up that gait ez long ez Hiram McKinstry hez the runnin' of her."

Mr. Ford gazed hopelessly at the hideous ranche in the distance, at the sky, and the trail before him; then his glance fell upon the hand still upon his shoulder, and he struggled with a final effort. "At another time I'd like to have a long talk with you about your daughter, Mr. McKinstry."

"Talk on," said McKinstry, putting his wounded hand through the master's arm. "I admire to hear you. You're that kam, it does me good."

Nevertheless the master was conscious that his own arm was scarcely as firm as his companion's. It was however useless to draw back now, and with as much tact as he could command he relieved his mind of its purpose. Addressing the obtruding bandage before him, he dwelt upon Cressy's previous attitude in the school, the danger of any relapse, the necessity of her having a more clearly defined position as a scholar, and even the advisability of her being transferred to a more advanced school with a more matured teacher of her own sex. This is what I wished to say to Mrs. McKinstry to-day," he concluded, "but she referred me to you."

"In course, in course," said McKinstry, nodding complacently. "She's a good woman in and around the ranche, and in any doin's o' this kind," he lightly waved his wounded arm in the air, "there ain't a better, tho' I say it. She was Blair Rawlins' darter; she and her brother Clay bein' the only ones that kem out safe arter their twenty years' fight with the McEntees in West Kaintuck. But she don't understand gals ez you and me do. Not that I'm much, ez I orter be more kam. And the old woman jest sized the hull thing when she said *she* hadn't any hand in Cressy's engage-

ment. No more she had! And ez far ez that goes, no more did me, nor Seth Davis, nor Cressy." He paused, and lifting his heavy-lidded eyes to the master for the second time, said reflectively, "Ye mustn't mind my tellin' ye—ez betwixt man and man—that *the* one ez is most responsible for the makin' and breakin' o' that engagement is *you*!"

"Me!" said the master in utter bewilderment.

"You!" repeated McKinstry quietly, reinstalling the hand Ford had attempted to withdraw. "I ain't sayin' ye either know'd it or kalkilated on it. But it war so. Ef ye'd hark to me, and meander on a little, I'll tell ye *how* it war. I don't mind walkin' a piece *your* way, for if we go towards the ranche, and the hounds see me, they'll set up a racket and bring out the old woman, and then good-bye to any confidential talk betwixt you and me. And I'm, somehow, kammer out yer."

He moved slowly down the trail, still holding Ford's arm confidentially, although, owing to his large protecting manner, he seemed to offer a ridiculous suggestion of supporting *him* with his wounded member.

"When you first kem to Injin Spring," he began, "Seth and Cressy was goin' to school, boy and girl like, and nothin' more. They'd known each other from babies—the Davises bein' our neighbours in Kaintuck, and emigraten' with us from St. Joe. Seth mout hev cottoned to Cress, and Cress to him, in course o' time, and there wasn't anythin' betwixt the families to hev kept 'em from marryin' when they wanted. But there never war any words passed, and no engagement."

"But," interrupted Ford hastily, "my predecessor, Mr. Martin, distinctly told me that there was, and that it was with *your* permission."

"That's only because you noticed suthin' the first day you looked over the school with Martin. 'Dad,' sez Cress to me, 'that new teacher's very

peart; and he's that keen about noticin' me and Seth that I reckon you'd better giv out that we're engaged.' 'But are you?' sez I. 'It'll come to that in the end,' sez Cress, 'and if that yer teacher hez come here with northern ideas o' society, it's just ez well to let him see Injin Spring ain't entirely in the woods about them things either.' So I agreed, and Martin told you it was all right; Cress and Seth was an engaged couple, and you was to take no notice. And then *you* ups and objects to the hull thing, and allows that 'courtin' in school, even among engaged pupils, ain't proper."

The master turned his eyes with some uneasiness to the face of Cressy's father. It was heavy but impassive.

"I don't mind tellin' you, now that it's over, what happened. The trouble with me, Mr. Ford, is—I ain't kam! and *you* air, and that's what got me. For when I heard what you'd said, I got on that mustang and started for the school-house to clean you out and giv' you five minutes to leave Injin Spring. I don't know ez you remember that day. I'd kalkilated my time so ez to ketch ye comin' out o' school, but I was too airy. I hung around out o' sight, and then hitched my boss to a buckeye and peeped inter the winder to hev a good look at ye. It was very quiet and kam. There was squirrels over the roof, yellow-jackets and bees dronin' away, and kinder sleeping-like all around in the air, and jay birds twitterin' in the shingles, and they never minded me. You were movin' up and down among them little gals and boys, liftin' up their heads and talkin' to 'em softly and quiet like, ez if you was one of them yourself. And they looked contented and kam. And onct—I don't know if *you* remember it—you kem close up to the winder with your hands behind you, and looked out so kam and quiet and so far off, ez if everybody else outside the school was miles away from you. It kem to me then that I'd given a heap to hev had the old woman see

you thar. It kem to me, Mr. Ford, that there wasn't any place for *me* thar; and it kem to me, too—and a little rough like—that mebbe there wasn't any place there for *my* Cress either! So I rode away without disturbin' you nor the birds nor the squirrels. Talkin' with Cress that night, she said ez how it was a fair sample of what happened every day, and that you'd always treated her fair like the others. So she allowed that she'd go down to Sacramento, and get some things agin her and Seth bein' married next month, and she reckoned she wouldn't trouble you nor the school agin. Hark till I've done, Mr. Ford," he continued, as the young man made a slight movement of deprecation. "Well, I agreed. But arter she got to Sacramento and bought some fancy fixin's, she wrote to me and sez ez how she'd been thinkin' the hull thing over, and she reckoned that she and Seth were too young to marry, and the engagement had better be broke. And I broke it for her."

"But how?" asked the bewildered master.

"Gin'rally with this gun," returned McKinstry with slow gravity, indicating the rifle he was carrying: "for I ain't kam. I let on to Seth's father that if I ever found Seth and Cressy together again, I'd shoot him. It made a sort o' coolness betwixt the families, and hez given some comfort to them low-down Harrisons; but even the law, I reckon, recognizes a father's rights. And ez Cress sez, now ez Seth's out o' the way, thar ain't no reason why she can't go back to school and finish her eddication. And I reckoned she was right. And we both agreed that ez she'd left school to git them store clothes, it was only fair that she'd give the school the benefit of 'em."

The case seemed more hopeless than ever. The master knew that the man beside him might hardly prove as lenient to a second objection at his hand. But that very reason, perhaps, impelled him, now that he knew his

danger, to consider it more strongly as a duty, and his pride revolted from a possible threat underlying McKinstry's confidences. Nevertheless he began gently:

"But are you quite sure you won't regret that you didn't avail yourself of this broken engagement, and your daughter's outfit—to send her to some larger boarding-school in Sacramento or San Francisco? Don't you think she may find it dull, and soon tire of the company of mere children when she has already known the excitement of"—he was about to say "a lover," but checked himself, and added, "a young girl's freedom?"

"Mr. Ford," returned McKinstry, with the slow and fatuous misconception of a one-ideaed man, "when I said just now that, lookin' inter that kam, peaceful school of yours, I didn't find a place for Cress, it warn't because I didn't think she *oughter* hev a place thar. Thar was that thar wot she never had ez a little girl with me and the old woman, and that she couldn't find ez a grownd up girl in any boarding-school—the home of a child; that kind o' innocent foolishness that I sometimes reckon must hev slipped outer our emigrant waggon comin' across the plains, or got left behind at St. Joe. She was a grownd girl fit to marry afore she was a child. She had young fellers a sparkin' her afore she ever played with 'em ez boy and girl. I don't mind tellin' you that it wern't in the natur of Blair Rawlins' darter to teach her own darter any better, for all she's been a mighty help to me. So if it's all the same to you, Mr. Ford, we won't talk about a grownd up school; I'd rather Cress be a little girl again among them other children. I should be a powerful sight more kam if I knowed that when I was away huntin' stock or fightin' stakes with them Harrisons, that she was a settin' there with them and the birds and the bees, and listenin' to them and to you. Mebbe there's been a little too many scrimmages goin' on round the ranche sence she's been a

child; mebbe she orter know suthin' more of a man than a feller who sparks her and fights for her."

The master was silent. Had this dull, narrow-minded partizan stumbled upon a truth that had never dawned upon his own broader comprehension? Had this selfish savage and literally red-handed frontier brawler been moved by some dumb instinct of the power of gentleness to understand his daughter's needs better than he? For a moment he was staggered. Then he thought of Cressy's later flirtations with Joe Masters, and her concealment of their meeting from her mother. Had she deceived her father also? Or was not the father deceiving him with this alternate suggestion of threat and of kindness—of power and weakness. He had heard of this cruel phase of South-Western cunning before. With the feeble sophistry of the cynic he mistrusted the good his scepticism could not understand. Howbeit, glancing sideways at the slumbering savagery of the man beside him, and his wounded hand, he did not care to show his lack of confidence. He contented himself with that equally feeble resource of weak humanity in such cases—good-natured indifference. "All right," he said carelessly, "I'll see what can be done. But are you quite sure you are fit to go home alone? Shall I accompany you?" As McKinstry waived the suggestion with a gesture, he added lightly, as if to conclude the interview, "I'll report progress to you from time to time, if you like."

"To me," emphasized McKinstry; "not over *thar*," indicating the ranche. "But p'rhaps *you* wouldn't mind my ridin' by and lookin' in at the school-room winder onct in a while? Ah—you *would*," he added, with the first deepening of colour he had shown. "Well, never mind."

"You see it might distract the children from their lessons," explained the master gently, who had however contemplated with some concern the infinite delight which a glimpse of McKinstry's fiery and fatuous face at the window



would awaken in Johnny Filgee's infant breast.

"Well, no matter!" returned McKinstry slowly. "Ye don't keer, I s'pose, to come over to the hotel and take suthin'? A julep or a smash?"

"I shouldn't think of keeping you a moment longer from Mrs. McKinstry," said the master, looking at his companion's wounded hand. "Thank you all the same. Good bye."

They shook hands, McKinstry transferring his rifle to the hollow of his elbow to offer his unwounded left. The master watched him slowly resume his way towards the ranche. Then with a half uneasy and half pleasurable sense that he had taken some step whose consequences were more important than he would at present understand, he turned in the opposite direction to the school-house. He was so preoccupied that it was not until he had nearly reached it that he remembered Uncle Ben. With an odd recollection of McKinstry's previous performance, he approached the school from the thicket in the rear and slipped noiselessly to the open window with the intention of looking in. But the school-house, far from exhibiting that "kam" and studious abstraction which had so touched the savage breast of McKinstry, was filled with the accents of youthful and unrestrained vituperation. The voice of Rupert Filgee came sharply to the master's astonished ears.

"You needn't try to play off Dobell or Mitchell on me—you hear! Much you know of either, don't you? Look at that copy. If Johnny couldn't do better than that, I'd lick him. Of course it's the pen—it ain't your stodgy fingers—oh, no! Pr'aps you'd like to hev a few more boxes o' quills and gold pens and Gillott's best thrown in, for two bits a lesson? I tell you what! I'll throw up the contract in another minit! There goes another quill busted! Look here, what you want ain't a pen, but a

clothes-pin and a split nail! That'll about jibe with your dilikit gait."

The master at once stepped to the window and, unobserved, took a quick survey of the interior. Following some ingenious idea of his own regarding fitness, the beautiful Filgee had induced Uncle Ben to seat himself on the floor before one of the smallest desks, presumably his brother's, in an attitude which, while it certainly gave him considerable elbow-room for those contortions common to immature penmanship, offered his youthful instructor a superior eminence, from which he hovered, occasionally swooping down upon his grown-up pupil like a mischievous but graceful jay. But Mr. Ford's most distinct impression was that, far from resenting the derogatory position and the abuse that accompanied it, Uncle Ben not only beamed upon his persecutor with unquenchable good humour, but with undisguised admiration, and showed not the slightest inclination to accept his proposed resignation.

"Go slow, Roop," he said cheerfully. "You was onct a boy yourself. Nat'rally I kalkilate to stand all the damages. You've got ter waste some powder over a blast like this yer, way down to the bed rock. Next time I'll bring my own pens."

"Do. Some from the Dobell school you uster go to," suggested the darkly ironical Rupert. "They was iron-clad injin-rubber, warn't they?"

"Never you mind wot they were," said Uncle Ben good-humouredly. "Look at that string of 'Cs' in that line. There's nothin' mean about them."

He put his pen between his teeth, raised himself slowly on his legs, and shading his eyes with his hand from the severe perspective of six feet, gazed admiringly down upon his work. Rupert, with his hands in his pockets and his back to the window, cynically assisted at the inspection.

"Wot's that sick worm at the bottom of the page?" he asked.

"Wot might you think it wos!" said Uncle Ben beamingly.

"Looks like one o' them snake roots you dig up with a little mud stuck to it," returned Rupert critically.

"That's my name."

They both stood looking at it with their heads very much on one side. "It ain't so bad as the rest you've done. It *might* be your name. That ez, it don't look like anythin' else," suggested Rupert, struck with a new idea that it was perhaps more professional occasionally to encourage his pupil. "You might get on in course o' time. But what are you doin' all this for?" he asked suddenly.

"Doin' what?"

"This yer comin' to school when you ain't sent, and you ain't got no call to go—you, a grown-up man!"

The colour deepened in Uncle Ben's face to the back of his ears. "Wot would you giv' to know, Roop? S'pose I reckoned some day to make a strike and sorter drop inter sacity easy—eh? S'pose I wanted to be ready to keep up my end with the other fellers, when the time kem? To be able to sling po'try and read novels and sich—eh?"

An expression of infinite and unutterable scorn dawned in the eyes of Rupert. "You do? Well," he repeated with slow and cutting deliberation, "I'll tell you what you're comin' here for, and the only thing that makes you come!"

"What?"

"It's—some—girl!"

Uncle Ben broke into a boisterous laugh that made the roof shake, stamping about and slapping his legs till the crazy floor trembled. But at that moment the master stepped to the porch and made a quiet but discomposing entrance.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE return of Miss Cressida McKinstry to Indian Spring, and her interrupted studies, was an event whose effects were not entirely confined to the school. The broken engagement itself seemed of little

moment in the general estimation compared to her resumption of her old footing as a scholar. A few ill-natured elders of her own sex, and naturally exempt from the discriminating retort of Mr. McKinstry's "shot gun," alleged that the Seminary at Sacramento had declined to receive her, but the majority accepted her return with local pride as a practical compliment to the educational facilities of Indian Spring. The Tuolumne "Star," with a breadth and eloquence touchingly disproportionate to its actual size and quality of type and paper, referred to the possible "growth of a grove of Academus at Indian Spring, under whose cloistered boughs future sages and statesmen were now meditating," in a way that made the master feel exceedingly uncomfortable. For some days the trail between the McKinstry's ranche and the school-house was lightly patrolled by reliefs of susceptible young men, to whom the enfranchised Cressida, relieved from the dangerous supervision of the Davis-McKinstry clique, was an object of ambitious admiration. The young girl herself, who, in spite of the master's annoyance, seemed to be following some conscientious duty in consecutively arraying herself in the different dresses she had bought, however she may have tantalized her admirers by this revelation of bridal finery, did not venture to bring them near the limits of the playground. It struck the master with some surprise that Indian Spring did not seem to trouble itself in regard to his own privileged relations with its rustic enchantress; the young men clearly were not jealous of him; no matron had suggested any indecorum in a young girl of Cressy's years and antecedents being entrusted to the teachings of a young man scarcely her senior. Notwithstanding the attitude which Mr. Ford had been pleased to assume towards her, this implied compliment to his supposed monastic vocations affected him almost as uncomfortably as the "Star's" extravagant eulogium. He was obliged to

recall certain foolish experiences of his own to enable him to rise superior to this presumption of his asceticism.

In pursuance of his promise to McKinstry, he had procured a few elementary books of study suitable to Cressy's new position, without however taking her out of the smaller classes or the discipline of the school. In a few weeks he was enabled to further improve her attitude by making her a "monitor" over the smaller girls, thereby dividing certain functions with Rupert Filgee, whose ministrations to the deceitful and "silly" sex had been characterized by perhaps more vigilant scorn and disparagement than was necessary. Cressy had accepted it as she had accepted her new studies with an indolent good humour, and at times a frankly supreme ignorance of their abstract or moral purpose that was discouraging. "What's the good of that?" she would ask, lifting her eyes abruptly to the master. Mr. Ford, somewhat embarrassed by her look, which always, sooner or later, frankly confessed itself an excuse for a perfectly irrelevant examination of his features in detail, would end in giving her some severely practical answer. Yet, if the subject appealed to any particular idiosyncrasy of her own, she would speedily master the study. A passing predilection for botany was provoked by a single incident. The master deeming this study a harmless young-lady-like occupation, had one day introduced the topic at recess, and was met by the usual answer. "But suppose," he continued artfully, "somebody sent you anonymously some flowers."

"Her bo!" suggested Johnny Filgee hoarsely, with bold bad recklessness. Ignoring the remark and the kick with which Rupert had resented it on the person of his brother, the master continued:

"And if you couldn't find out who sent them, you would want at least to know what they were and where they grew."

"Ef they grew anywhere 'bout yer we could tell her that," said a chorus of small voices.

The master hesitated. He was conscious of being on delicate ground. He was surrounded by a dozen little keen eyes from whom Nature had never yet succeeded in hiding her secrets—eyes that had waited for and knew the coming up of the earliest flowers; little fingers that had never turned the pages of a text-book, but knew where to scrape away the dead leaves above the first anemone, or had groped painfully among the lifeless branches in forgotten hollows for the shy dog-rose; unguided little feet that had instinctively made their way to remote southern slopes for the first *mariposas*, or had unerringly threaded the *tule*-hidden banks of the river for flower-de-luce. Convinced that he could not hold his own on their level, he shamelessly struck at once above it.

"Suppose that one of those flowers," he continued, "was not like the rest, that its stalks and leaves instead of being green and soft, were white and stringy like flannel as if to protect it from cold, wouldn't it be nice to be able to say at once that it had lived only in the snow, and that some one must have gone all that way up there above the snow line to pick it?" The children taken aback by this unfair introduction of a floral stranger were silent. Cressy thoughtfully accepted botany on those possibilities. A week later she laid on the master's desk a limp-looking plant with a stalk like heavy frayed worsted yarn. "It ain't much to look at after all, is it?" she said. "I reckon I could cut a better one with scissors outer an old cloth jacket of mine."

"And you found it here?" asked the master in surprise.

"I got Masters to look for it, when he was on the Summit. I described it to him. I didn't allow he had the gumption to get it. But he did."

Although botany languished slightly after this vicarious effort, it kept

Cressy in fresh bouquets, and extending its gentle influence to her friends and acquaintances became slightly confounded with horticulture, led to the planting of one or two gardens, and was accepted in school as an implied concession to berries, apples, and nuts. In reading and writing Cressy greatly improved, with a marked decrease in grammatical solecisms, although she still retained certain characteristic words, and always her own slow South-Western, half musical intonation. This languid deliberation was particularly noticeable in her reading aloud, and gave the studied and measured rhetoric a charm of which her careless colloquial speech was incapable. Even the "Fifth Reader", with its imposing passages from the English classics carefully selected with a view of paralysing small, hesitating or hurried voices, in Cressy's hands became no longer an unintelligible incantation. She had quietly mastered the difficulties of pronunciation by some instinctive sense of euphony if not of comprehension. The master with his eyes closed hardly recognized his pupil. Whether or not she understood what she read he hesitated to inquire; no doubt, as with her other studies she knew what attracted her. Rupert Filgee, a sympathetic, if not always a correct reader, who boldly took four and five syllabled fences flying only to come to grief perhaps in the ditch of some rhetorical pause beyond, alone expressed his scorn of her performance. Octavia Dean, torn between her hopeless affection for this beautiful but inaccessible boy, and her soul-friendship for this bigger but many-frocked girl, studied the master's face with watchful anxiety.

It is needless to say that Hiram McKinstry was, in the intervals of stake-driving and stock-hunting, heavily contented with this latest evidence of his daughter's progress. He even intimated to the master that her reading being an accomplishment that could be exercised at home was conducive to that "kam" in which

he was so deficient. It was also rumoured that Cressy's oral rendering of Addison's "Reflections in Westminster Abbey" and Burke's "Indictment of Warren Hastings," had beguiled him one evening from improving an opportunity to "plug" one of Harrison's boundary "raiders."

The master shared in Cressy's glory in the public eye. But although Mrs. McKinstry did not materially change her attitude of tolerant good-nature towards him he was painfully conscious that she looked upon her daughter's studies and her husband's interests in them as a weakness that might in course of time produce infirmity of homicidal purpose and become enervating of eye and trigger-finger. And when Mr. McKinstry got himself appointed as school-trustee and was thereby obliged to mingle with certain Eastern settlers—colleagues on the Board—this possible weakening of the old sharply drawn sectional line between "Yanks" and themselves gave her grave doubts of Hiram's physical stamina.

"The old man's worrits hev sorter shook out a little of his sand" she had explained. On those evenings when he attended the Board, she sought higher consolation in prayer meeting at the Southern Baptist Church, in whose exercises her Northern and Eastern neighbours, thinly disguised as "Baal" and "Astaroth" were generally overthrown and their temples made desolate.

If Uncle Ben's progress was slower, it was no less satisfactory. Without imagination and even without enthusiasm, he kept on with a dull laborious persistency. When the irascible impatience of Rupert Filgee at last succumbed to the obdurate slowness of his pupil, the master himself touched by Uncle Ben's perspiring forehead and perplexed eyebrows, often devoted the rest of the afternoon to a gentle elucidation of the mysteries before him, setting copies for his heavy hand, or even guiding it with his own, like a child's, across the paper. At

times the appalling uselessness of Uncle Ben's endeavours reminded him of Rupert's taunting charge. Was he really doing this from a genuine thirst of knowledge? It was inconsistent with all that Indian Spring knew of his antecedents and his present ambitions; he was a simple miner without scientific or technical knowledge, his already slight acquaintance with arithmetic and the scrawl that served for his signature were more than sufficient for his needs. Yet it was with this latter sign-manual that he seemed to take infinite pains. The master one afternoon thought fit to correct the apparent vanity of this performance.

"If you took as much care in trying to form your letters according to copy, you'd do better. Your signature is fair enough as it is."

"But it don't look right, Mr. Ford," said Uncle Ben, eying it distrustfully; "somehow it ain't all there."

"Why, certainly it is. Look, D A B N E Y—not very plain, it's true but there are all the letters."

"That's just it, Mr. Ford; them *ain't* all the letters that *orter* be there. I've allowed to write it D A B N E Y to save time and ink, but it *orter* read D A U B I G N Y," said Uncle Ben, with painful distinctness.

"But that spells d'Aubigny!"

"It are."

"Is that your name?"

"I reckon."

The master looked at Uncle Ben doubtfully. Was this only another form of the Dobell illusion? "Was your father a Frenchman?" he asked finally.

Uncle Ben paused as if to recall the trifling circumstance of his father's nationality. "No."

"Your grandfather?"

"I reckon not. At least ye couldn't prove it by me."

"Was your father or grandfather a *voyageur* or trapper, or Canadian?"

"They were from Pike County, Mizzoori."

The master regarded Uncle Ben still dubiously. "But you call yourself

Dabney. What makes you think your real name is d'Aubigny?"

"That's the way it uster be writ in letters to me in the States. Hold on. I'll show ye." He deliberately began to feel in his pockets, finally extracting his old purse from which he produced a crumpled envelope, and carefully smoothing it out, compared it with his signature.

"Thar, you see. It's the same—d'Aubigny."

The master hesitated. After all, it was not impossible. He recalled other instances of the singular transformation of names in the Californian emigration. Yet he could not help saying, "Then you concluded d'Aubigny was a better name than Dabney?"

"Do *you* think it's better?"

"Women might. I dare say your wife would prefer to be called Mrs. d'Aubigny rather than Dabney."

The chance shot told. Uncle Ben suddenly flushed to his ears.

"I didn't think o' that," he said hurriedly. "I had another idee. I reckoned that on the matter o' holdin' property and passin' in money it would be better to hev your name put on the square, and to sorter go down to bed rock for it, eh? If I wanted to take a hand in them lots or Ditch shares for instance—it would be only law to hev it made out in the name o' d'Aubigny."

Mr. Ford listened with a certain impatient contempt. It was bad enough for Uncle Ben to have exposed his weakness in inventing fictions about his early education, but to invest himself now with a contingency of capital for the sake of another childish vanity, was pitiable as it was preposterous. There was no doubt that he had lied about his school experiences; it was barely probable that his name was really d'Aubigny, and it was quite consistent with all this—even setting apart the fact that he was perfectly well-known to be only a poor miner—that he should lie again. Like most logical reasoners Mr. Ford forgot that humanity



might be illogical and inconsistent without being insincere. He turned away without speaking as if indicating a wish to hear no more.

"Some o' these days," said Uncle Ben, with dull persistency, "I'll tell ye suthen."

"I'd advise you just now to drop it and stick to your lessons," said the master sharply.

"That's so," said Uncle Ben hurriedly, hiding himself as it were in an all-encompassing blush. "In course lessons first, boys, that's the motto." He again took up his pen and assumed his old laborious attitude. But after a few moments it became evident that either the master's curt dismissal of his subject or his own preoccupation with it, had somewhat unsettled him. He cleaned his pen obtrusively, going to the window for a better light, and whistling from time to time with a demonstrative carelessness and a depressing gaiety. He once broke into a murmuring, meditative chant evidently referring to the previous conversation, in its—"That's so—Yer we go—Lessons the first, boys, Ye, heave O." The rollicking marine character of this refrain, despite its utter incongruousness, apparently struck him favourably, for he repeated it softly, occasionally glancing behind him at the master who was coldly absorbed at his desk. Presently he arose, carefully put his books away, symmetrically piling them in a pyramid beside Mr. Ford's motionless elbow, and then lifting his feet with high but gentle steps went to the peg where his coat and hat were hanging. As he was about to put them on he appeared suddenly struck with a sense of indecorousness in dressing himself in the school, and taking them on his arm to the porch resumed them outside. Then saying, "I clean disremembered I'd got to see a man. So long, till to-morrow," he disappeared whistling softly.

The old woodland hush fell back upon the school. It seemed very quiet and empty. A faint sense of remorse stole over the master. Yet he remem-

bered that Uncle Ben had accepted without reproach and as a good joke much more direct accusations from Rupert Filgee, and that he himself had acted from a conscientious sense of duty towards the man. But a conscientious sense of duty to inflict pain upon a fellow mortal for his own good does not always bring perfect serenity to the inflictor—possibly because in the defective machinery of human compensation, pain is the only quality that is apt to appear in the illustration. Mr. Ford felt uncomfortable, and being so, was naturally vexed at the innocent cause. Why should Uncle Ben be offended because he had simply declined to follow his weak fabrications any further? This was his return for having tolerated it at first! It would be a lesson to him henceforth. Nevertheless he got up and went to the door. The figure of Uncle Ben was already indistinct among the leaves, but from the motion of his shoulders he seemed to be still stepping high and softly as if not yet clear of insecure and engulfing ground.

The silence still continuing, the master began mechanically to look over the desks for forgotten or mislaid articles, and to rearrange the pupils' books and copies. A few heartsease gathered by the devoted Octavia Dean, neatly tied with a black thread and regularly left in the inkstand cavity of Rupert's desk, were still lying on the floor where they had been always hurled with equal regularity by that disdainful Adonis. Picking up a slate from under a bench his attention was attracted by a forgotten cartoon on the reverse side. Mr. Ford at once recognized it as the work of that youthful but eminent caricaturist, Johnny Filgee. Broad in treatment, comprehensive in subject, liberal in detail and slate-pencil—it represented Uncle Ben lying on the floor with a book in his hand, tyrannized over by Rupert Filgee and regarded in a striking profile of two features by Cressy McKinstry. The daring realism of introducing the names of each charac-



ter on their legs—perhaps ideally enlarged for that purpose—left no doubt of their identity. Equally daring but no less effective was the rendering of a limited but dramatic conversation between two parties by the aid of emotional balloons attached to their mouths like a visible gulp bearing the respective legends: "I luv you," "O my," and "You git."

The master was for a moment startled at this unlooked for but graphic testimony to the fact that Uncle Ben's visits to the school were not only known but commented upon. The small eyes of those youthful observers had been keener than his own. He had again been stupidly deceived, in spite of his efforts. Love, albeit deficient in features and wearing an improperly short bell-shaped frock had boldly re-entered the peaceful school, and disturbing complications on abnormal legs were following at its heels.

#### CHAPTER V.

WHILE this simple pastoral life was centred around the school-house in the clearing, broken only by an occasional warning pistol-shot in the direction of the Harrison-McKinstry boundaries, the more business part of Indian Spring was overtaken by one of those spasms of enterprize peculiar to all Californian mining settlements. The opening of the Eureka Ditch and the extension of stage-coach communication from Big Bluff were events of no small importance, and were celebrated on the same day. The double occasion overtaxing even the fluent rhetoric of the Editor of the "Star" left him struggling in the metaphorical difficulties of a Pactolian Spring, which he had rashly turned into the Ditch, and obliged him to transfer the onerous duty of writing the editorial on the Big Bluff Extension to the hands of the Honourable Abner Dean, Assemblyman from Angel's. The loss of the Honourable Mr. Dean's right eye in an early pioneer *fracas* did not prevent him from looking into

the dim vista of the future and discovering with that single unaided optic enough to fill three columns of the "Star." "It is not too extravagant to say," he remarked with charming deprecation, "that Indian Spring, through its own perfectly organized system of inland transportation, the confluence of its North Fork with the Sacramento river, and their combined effluence into the illimitable Pacific, is thus put not only into direct communication with far Cathay but even remoter Antipodean markets. The citizen of Indian Spring taking the 9 a.m. Pioneer Coach and arriving at Big Bluff at 2.40 is enabled to connect with the through express to Sacramento the same evening, reaching San Francisco per the Steam Navigation Company's palatial steamers in time to take the Pacific Mail Steamer to Yokohama on the following day at 3.30 p.m." Although no citizen of Indian Spring appeared to avail himself of this admirable opportunity, nor did it appear at all likely that any would, everybody vaguely felt that an inestimable boon lay in the suggestion, and even the master professionally entrusting the reading aloud of the editorial to Rupert Filgee with ulterior designs of practice in the pronunciation of five-syllable words, was somewhat affected by it. Johnny Filgee and Jimmy Snyder accepting it as a mysterious something that made Desert Islands accessible at a moment's notice and a trifling outlay, were round-eyed and attentive. And the culminating information from the master that this event would be commemorated by a half-holiday, combined to make the occasion as exciting to the simple school-house in the clearing as it was to the gilded saloon in the main street.

And so the momentous day arrived, with its two new coaches from Big Bluff containing the specially-invited speakers—always specially invited to those occasions, and yet strangely enough never before feeling the extreme "importance and privilege" of

it as they did then. Then there were the firing of two anvils, the strains of a brass band, the hoisting of a new flag on the liberty-pole, and later the ceremony of the Ditch opening, when a distinguished speaker in a most unworkman-like tall hat, black frock coat and white cravat, which gave him the general air of a festive grave-digger, took a spade from the hands of an apparently hilarious chief mourner and threw out the first sods. There were anvils, brass bands, and a "collation" at the hotel. But everywhere—overriding the most extravagant expectation and even the laughter it provoked—the spirit of indomitable youth and resistless enterprise intoxicated the air. It was the spirit that had made California possible; that had sown a thousand such ventures broadcast through its wilderness; that had enabled the sower to stand half-humorously among his scant or ruined harvests without fear and without repining, and turn his undaunted and ever-hopeful face to further fields. What mattered it that Indian Spring had always before its eyes the abandoned trenches and ruined outworks of its earlier pioneers? What mattered it that the eloquent eulogist of the Eureka Ditch had but a few years before as prodigally scattered his adjectives and his fortune on the useless tunnel that confronted him on the opposite side of the river? The sublime forgetfulness of youth ignored its warning or recognized it as a joke. The master, fresh from his little flock and prematurely aged by their contact, felt a stirring of something like envy as he wandered among these scarcely older enthusiasts.

Especially memorable was the exciting day to Johnny Filgee, not only for the delightfully bewildering clamour of the brass band, in which, between the trombone and the bass drum, he had got inextricably mixed; not only for the half-frightening explosions of the anvils and the maddening smell of the gunpowder which had exalted his infant soul to sudden and irrelevant whoopings, but for a singu-

lar occurrence that whetted his always keen perceptions. Having been shamelessly abandoned on the verandah of the Eureka Hotel while his brother Rupert paid bashful court to the pretty proprietress by assisting her in her duties, Johnny gave himself up to unlimited observation. The rosettes of the six horses, the new harness, the length of the driver's whip-lash, his enormous buckskin gloves and the way he held his reins; the fascinating odour of shining varnish on the coach, the gold-headed cane of the Honourable Abner Dean: all these were stored away in the secret recesses of Johnny's memory, even as the unconsidered trifles he had picked up *en route* were distending his capacious pockets. But when a young man had alighted from the second or "Truly" coach among the *real* passengers, and strolled carelessly and easily in the verandah as if the novelty and the occasion were nothing to him, Johnny, with a gulp of satisfaction, knew that he had seen a prince! Beautifully dressed in a white duck suit, with a diamond ring on his finger, a gold chain swinging from his fob, and a Panama hat with a broad black ribbon jauntily resting on his curled and scented hair, Johnny's eyes had never rested on a more resplendent vision. He was more romantic than Yuba Bill, more imposing and less impossible than the Honourable Abner Dean, more eloquent than the master—far more beautiful than any coloured print that he had ever seen. Had he brushed him in passing Johnny would have felt a thrill; had he spoken to him he knew he would have been speechless to reply. Judge then of his utter stupefaction when he saw Uncle Ben—actually Uncle Ben!—approach this paragon of perfection, albeit with some embarrassment, and after a word or two of unintelligible conversation walk away with him! Need it be wondered that Johnny, forgetful at once of his brother, the horses, and even the collation with its possible "goodies", instantly followed.

The two men turned into the side

street, which after a few hundred yards opened upon the deserted mining flat, crossed and broken by the burrows and mounds made by the forgotten engines of the early gold-seekers. Johnny, at times hidden by these irregularities, kept closely in their rear, sauntering whenever he came within the range of their eyes in that side-long, spasmodic and generally diagonal fashion peculiar to small boys, but ready at any moment to assume utter unconsciousness and the appearance of going somewhere else or of searching for something on the ground. In this way appearing, if noticed at all, each time in some different position to the right or left of them, Johnny followed them to the fringe of woodland which enabled him to draw closer to their heels.

Utterly oblivious of this artistic "shadowing" in the insignificant person of the small boy who once or twice even crossed their path with affected timidity, they continued an apparently confidential previous interview. The words "stocks" and "shares" were alone intelligible. Johnny had heard them during the day, but he was struck by the fact that Uncle Ben seemed to be seeking information from the paragon and was perfectly submissive and humble. But the boy was considerably mystified when after a tramp of half an hour they arrived upon the debatable ground of the Harrison-McKinstry boundary. Having been especially warned never to go there, Johnny as a matter of course was perfectly familiar with it. But what was the incomprehensible stranger doing there? Was he brought by Uncle Ben with a view of paralyzing both of the combatants with the spectacle of his perfections? Was he a youthful sheriff, a young judge, or maybe the son of the Governor of California? Or was it that Uncle Ben was "silly" and didn't know the locality? Here was an opportunity for him, Johnny, to introduce himself and explain and even magnify the danger, with perhaps a slight allusion to his

own fearless familiarity with it. Unfortunately, as he was making up his small mind behind a tree, the paragon turned and with the easy disdain that so well became him, said:

"Well, I wouldn't offer a dollar an acre for the whole ranche. But if you choose to give a fancy price—that's your look out."

To Johnny's already prejudiced mind, Uncle Ben received this just contempt submissively, as he ought, but nevertheless he muttered something "silly" in reply, which Johnny was really too disgusted to listen to. Ought he not to step forward and inform the paragon that he was wasting his time on a man who couldn't even spell "ba-ker," and who was taught his letters by his, Johnny's brother?

The paragon continued:

"And of course you know that merely your buying the title to the land don't give you possession. You'll have to fight these squatters and jumpers just the same. It'll be three instead of two fighting—that's all!"

Uncle Ben's imbecile reply did not trouble Johnny. He had ears now only for the superior intellect before him. *It* continued coolly.

"Now let's take a look at that yield of yours. I haven't much time to give you, as I expect some men to be looking for me here—and I suppose you want this thing still kept a secret. I don't see how you've managed to do it so far. Is your claim near? You live on it—I think you said?"

But that the little listener was so preoccupied with the stranger, this suggestion of Uncle Ben's having a claim worth the attention of that distinguished presence would have set him thinking; the little that he understood he set down to Uncle Ben's "gassin." As the two men moved forward again, he followed them until Uncle Ben's house was reached.

It was a rude shanty of boards and rough boulders, half burrowing in one of the largest mounds of earth and gravel, which had once represented the tail-

ings or refuse of the abandoned Indian Spring Placer. In fact it was casually alleged by some that Uncle Ben eked out the scanty "grub wages," he made by actual mining, in reworking and sifting the tailings at odd times—a degrading work hitherto practised only by Chinese, and unworthy the Caucasian ambition. The mining code of honour held that a man might accept the smallest results of his daily labour, as long as he was sustained by the prospect of a larger "strike," but condemned his contentment with a modest certainty. Nevertheless a little of this suspicion encompassed his dwelling and contributed to its loneliness, even as a long ditch, the former tail-race of the claim, separated him from his neighbours. Prudently halting at the edge of the wood, Johnny saw his resplendent vision cross the strip of barren flat, and enter the cabin with Uncle Ben like any other mortal. He sat down on a stump and awaited its return, which he fondly hoped might be alone! At the end of half an hour he made a short excursion to examine the condition of a blackberry bramble, and returned to his post of observation. But there was neither sound nor motion in the direction of the cabin. When another ten minutes had elapsed, the door opened and to Johnny's intense discomfiture, Uncle Ben appeared alone and walked leisurely towards the woods. Burning with anxiety Johnny threw himself in Uncle Ben's way. But here occurred one of those surprising inconsistencies known only to children. As Uncle Ben turned his small gray eyes upon him in a half astonished, half questioning manner, the potent spirit of childish secretiveness suddenly took possession of the boy. Wild horses could not now have torn from him that question which only a moment before was on his lips.

"Hullo, Johnny! What are ye doin' here?" said Uncle Ben kindly.

"Nothin'." After a pause, in which he walked all round Uncle Ben's large figure, gazing up at him as if he were

a monument, he added: "huntin' blackberrieth."

"Why ain't you over at the collation?"

"Ruperth there," he answered promptly.

The idea of being thus vicariously present in the person of his brother seemed a sufficient excuse. He leaped over the stump on which he had been sitting as an easy unembarrassing pause for the next question. But Uncle Ben was apparently perfectly satisfied with Johnny's reply, and nodding to him, walked away.

When his figure had disappeared in the bushes, Johnny cautiously approached the cabin. At a certain distance he picked up a stone and threw it against the door, immediately taking to his heels and the friendly copse again. No one appearing he repeated the experiment twice and even thrice with a larger stone and at a nearer distance. Then he boldly skirted the cabin and dropped into the race-way at its side. Following it a few hundred yards he came upon a long disused shaft opening into it, which had been covered with a rough trap of old planks, as if to protect incautious wayfarers from falling in. Here a sudden and inexplicable fear overtook Johnny, and he ran away. When he reached the hotel almost the first sight that met his astounded eyes, was the spectacle of the paragon, apparently still in undisturbed possession of all his perfections—driving coolly off in a buggy with a fresh companion.

Meantime Mr. Ford, however touched by the sentimental significance of the celebration, became slightly wearied of its details. As his own room in the Eureka hotel was actually thrilled by the brass band without and the eloquence of speakers below, and had become redolent of gunpowder and champagne exploded around it, he determined to return to the school-house and avail himself of its woodland quiet to write a few letters.

The change was grateful, the distant murmur of the excited settlement

came only as the soothing sound of wind among the leaves. The pure air of the pines that filled every cranny of the quiet school-room, and seemed to disperse all taint of human tenancy, made the far-off celebrations as unreal as a dream. The only reality of his life was here.

He took from his pocket a few letters—one of which was worn and soiled with frequent handling. He re-read it in a half methodical, half patient way, as if he were waiting for some revelation it inspired, which was slow that afternoon in coming. At other times it had called up a youthful enthusiasm which was wont to transfigure his grave and prematurely reserved face with a new expression. To-day the revelation and expression were both wanting. He put the letter back with a slight sigh, that sounded so preposterous in the silent room that he could not forego an embarrassed smile. But the next moment he set himself seriously to work on his correspondence.

Presently he stopped; once or twice he had been overtaken by a vague undefinable sense of pleasure, even to the dreamy halting of his pen. It was a sensation in no way connected with the subject of his correspondence, or even his previous reflections—it was partly physical, and yet it was in some sense suggestive. It must be the intoxicating effect of the woodland air. He even fancied he had noticed it before, at the same hour when the sun was declining and the fresh odours of the undergrowth were rising. It certainly was a perfume. He raised his eyes. There lay the cause on the desk before him—a little nosegay of wild Californian myrtle encircling a rose-bud which had escaped his notice.

There was nothing unusual in the circumstance. The children were in the habit of making their offerings generally without particular reference to time or occasion, and it might have been overlooked by him during school hours. He felt a pity for the forgotten posy already beginning to grow

limp in its neglected solitude. He remembered that in some folk-lore of the children's, perhaps a tradition of the old association of the myrtle with Venus, it was believed to be emblematic of the affections. He remembered also that he had even told them of this probable origin of their superstition. He was still holding it in his hand when he was conscious of a silken sensation that sent a magnetic thrill through his fingers. Looking at it more closely he saw that the sprigs were bound together, not by thread or ribbon, but by long filaments of soft brown hair tightly wound around them. He unwound a single hair and held it to the light. Its length, colour, texture, and above all a certain inexplicable instinct, told him it was Cressy McKinstry's. He laid it down quickly, as if he had, in that act, familiarly touched her person.

He finished his letter, but presently found himself again looking at the myrtle and thinking about it. From the position in which it had been placed it was evidently intended for him; the fancy of binding it with hair was also intentional and not a necessity, as he knew his feminine scholars were usually well provided with bits of thread, silk, or ribbon. If it had been some new absurdity of childish fashion introduced in the school, he would have noticed it ere this. For it was this obtrusion of a personality that vaguely troubled him. He remembered Cressy's hair; it was certainly very beautiful, in spite of her occasional vagaries of *coiffure*. He recalled how, one afternoon, it had come down when she was romping with Octavia in the playground, and was surprised to find what a vivid picture he retained of her lingering in the porch to put it up; her rounded arms held above her head, her pretty shoulders, full throat, and glowing face thrown back, and a wisp of the very hair between her white teeth! He began another letter.

When it was finished the shadow of



the pine-branch before the window, thrown by the nearly level sun across his paper, had begun slowly to reach the opposite wall. He put his work away, lingered for a moment in hesitation over the myrtle sprays, and then locked them in his desk with an odd feeling that he had secured in some vague way a hold upon Cressy's future vagaries; then reflecting that Uncle Ben, whom he had seen in town, would probably keep holiday with the others, he resolved to wait no longer, but strolled back to the hotel. The act however had not recalled Uncle Ben to him by any association of ideas, for since his discovery of Johnny Filgee's caricature he had failed to detect anything to corroborate the caricaturist's satire, and had dismissed the subject from his mind.

On entering his room at the hotel he found Rupert Filgee standing moodily by the window, while his brother Johnny, overcome by a repletion of excitement and collation, was asleep on the single arm-chair. Their presence was not unusual, as Mr. Ford, touched by the loneliness of these motherless boys, had often invited them to come to his rooms to look over his books and illustrated papers.

"Well?" he said cheerfully.

Rupert did not reply or change his position. Mr. Ford, glancing at him sharply, saw a familiar angry light in the boy's beautiful eyes, slightly dimmed by a tear. Laying his hand gently on Rupert's shoulder he said, "What's the matter, Rupert?"

"Nothin'," said the boy doggedly, with his eyes still fixed on the pane.

"Has—has—Mrs. Tripp" (the fair proprietress) "been unkind?" he went on lightly.

No reply.

"You know, Rupe," continued Mr. Ford demurely, "she must show *some* reserve before company—like to-day. It won't do to make a scandal."

Rupert maintained an indignant silence. But the dimple (which he usually despised as a feminine blot) the cheek nearer the master became

slightly accented. Only for a moment; the dark eyes clouded again.

"I wish I was dead, Mr. Ford."

"Hallo!"

"Or—doin' suthin'."

"That's better. What do you want to do?"

"To work—make a livin' myself. Quit totin' wood and water at home; quit cookin' and makin' beds, like a yaller Chinaman; quit nussin' babies and dressin' 'em and undressin' 'em, like a girl. Look at *him* now," pointing to the sweetly unconscious Johnny, "look at him there. Do you know what that means? It means I've got to pack him home through the town jist ez he is thar, and then make a fire and bile his food for him, and wash him and undress him and put him to-bed, and 'Now I lay me down to sleep' him, and tuck him up; and Dad all the while 'scootin round town with other idjits, jawin' about 'progress' and the 'future of Injin Spring.' Much future we've got over our own house, Mr. Ford. Much future he's got laid up for me!"

The master, to whom those occasional outbreaks from Rupert were not unfamiliar, smiled, albeit with serious eyes that belied his lips, and consoled the boy as he had often done before. But he was anxious to know the cause of this recent attack and its probable relations to the fascinating Mrs. Tripp.

"I thought we talked all that over some time ago, Rupe. In a few months you'll be able to leave school, and I'll advise your father about putting you into something to give you a chance for yourself. Patience, old fellow; you're doing very well. Consider—there's your pupil, Uncle Ben."

"Oh, yes! That's another big baby to tot round in school when I ain't niggerin' at home."

"And I don't see exactly what else you could do at Indian Spring," continued Mr. Ford.

"No," said Rupert gloomily, "but I could get away to Sacramento. Yuba Bell says they take boys no bigger



nor me in thar express offices or banks—and in a year or two they're as good ez anybody and get paid as big. Why, there was a fellow here, just now, no older than you, Mr. Ford, and not half your learnin', and he dressed to death with jewellery, and everybody bowin' and scrapin' to him, that it was perfectly sickenin'."

Mr. Ford lifted his eyebrows. "Oh, you mean the young man of Benham and Co., who was talking to Mrs. Tripp?" he said.

A quick flush of angry consciousness crossed Rupert's face. "Maybe; he has just cheek enough for anythin'."

"And you want to be like him?" said Mr. Ford.

"You know what I mean, Mr. Ford. Not *like* him. Why *you're* as good as he is, any day," continued Rupert with relentless *naïveté*; "but if a jay-bird like that can get on, why couldn't I?"

There was no doubt that the master here pointed out the defectiveness of Rupert's logic and the beneficence of patience and study, as became their relations of master and pupil, but with the addition of a certain fellow sympathy and some amusing recital of his own boyish experiences, that had the effect of calling Rupert's dimples into action again. At the end of half an hour the boy had become quite tractable, and, getting ready to depart, approached his sleeping brother with something like resignation. But Johnny's nap seemed to have had the effect of transforming him into an inert jelly-like mass. It required the joint exertions of both the master and Rupert to transfer him bodily into the latter's arms, where, with a single limp elbow encircling his brother's neck, he lay with his unfinished slumber still visibly distending his cheeks, his eyelids, and even lifting his curls from his moist forehead.

The master bade Rupert "good-night," and returned to his room as the boy descended the stairs with his burden.

But here Providence, with, I fear, its occasional disregard of mere human morality, rewarded Rupert after his own foolish desires. Mrs. Tripp was at the foot of the stairs as Rupert came slowly down. He saw her, and was covered with shame; she saw him and his burden, and was touched with kindness. Whether or not she was also mischievously aware of Rupert's admiration, and was not altogether displeased with it, I cannot say. In a voice that thrilled him, she said,

"What! Rupert, are you going so soon!"

"Yes, ma'am — on account of Johnny."

"But let me take him—I can keep him here to-night."

It was a great temptation, but Rupert had strength to refuse, albeit with his hat pulled over his downcast eyes.

"Poor dear, how tired he looks."

She approached her still fresh and pretty face close to Rupert and laid her lips on Johnny's cheek. Then she lifted her audacious eyes to his brother and pushing back his well-worn chip hat from his clustering curls she kissed him squarely on the forehead.

"Good-night, dear."

The boy stumbled, and then staggered blindly forward into the outer darkness. But with a gentleman's delicacy he turned almost instantly into a side street, as if to keep this consecration of himself from vulgar eyes. The path he had chosen was rough and weary, the night was dark and Johnny was ridiculously heavy, but he kept steadily on, the woman's kiss in the fancy of the foolish boy shining on his forehead and lighting him onward like a star.

(To be continued.)

## AMONG THE BIRDS IN WALES.

IN the flat meadows of the midlands, with their deep alluvial soil, there is a certain lush richness of vegetation in June which makes the air heavy and languid. Unless the weather chanches to be unusually dry and bright, as it was in the June of last year, you cannot push through even a few yards of that dense herbage without feeling the moisture that lurks in the depths of it; the same moisture that becomes visible, when the sun goes down, in a white film of vapour which rises ghost-like in the dusk, and covers the meadow like a sheet, ending exactly where the hedge divides the upward-sloping pasture-field from the growing hay of the flat ground.

It is at this time, before the hay is cut and the damp of the grass-roots is exposed and dried, at the very time when the flowers are most brilliant, and the gently-flowing water of our streams lingers lazily about the yellow flags and blue geraniums and forget-me-nots that fringe the banks—it is in the very height of the glory of midland verdure that I always feel a strong desire after light air and *short grass*. To mount to some height overlooking the plain, where in an old quarry the rock has been overgrown with thyme, or where on the broad strips of grass that border the road some remnants are still left of the old flora of the down-land, which increasing cultivation has killed in the adjoining fields, is to me at this time always a delight and a relief. Should there chance to be a corner where a few tufts of ling or heather still loiter among the furze-bushes, and where perhaps a little copse of pines varies the almost wearisome landscape of hedgerow elms and growing crops, then it is pleasant to lie for a while and listen to the Linnets or watch

the handsome Stone-chat, picturing to oneself the time when half England was like this little nook, and when no one delighted in his wealth of wilderness as I do in this scanty remnant.

But for those who can get a holiday in June it is possible to go further away from heavy air and sleepy days than to the top of the neighbouring hills. In June the Alps are clothed in their wealth of flowers, and every breath of air is laden, not with rich sweet odours, but with dry invigorating aromatic deliciousness; and many a time have I made my pilgrimage thither, to find the short grass I long for, still uneaten by the cows, and gay with a thousand blooms. Quite as enjoyable, and less far to seek, is the still shorter grass of the chalk downs of southern England, those

“Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.”

For there the light air comes from the sea; though not iced, it is fresh with the salt water; and as it breathes through the long bents and gathers the fragrance of the thyme, it dries up every tiny drop of moisture that has not already sunk into the porous soil, and gives you free leave to throw yourself, without a thought of consequences, on the grass, within an hour or two after a scudding shower has refreshed the thirsty down. There you may lie at ease and watch the winged population of the heights, which differs from that of the lowlands as the fauna of the Alps differs from the fauna of Spain or Sicily; little blue butterflies flit in crowds over the thymy turf—the larger and paler Chalk-hill, and the Clifden Blue of unspeakable iridescent brightness; the Wheat-ear flicks his tail and bows, and the cock Stone-chat sits on the

topmost sprig of a furze-bush and displays his brilliant summer plumage.

But this June of 1888, when duties came to an end at Oxford, it so happened that I could not seek the light air and short grass I longed for, either in the Alps or on the downs; and it was only an accident that took me for three or four days to a hospitable house in the hills of Breconshire, where I found all I needed. This is a district offering none of the "striking scenery" which attracts the tourist, and he is almost unknown in those parts; there is in fact no accommodation for him. During a six weeks' stay in the wildest part of these hills some twenty years ago, working hard and trying to beguile unwilling trout, I saw but one pair of tourists. You may walk for miles over high wet moorland and never strike a track; you may very easily lose yourself and follow down some brook which, with a gradual curve, will take you in the opposite direction to that you wish to make for. And if rain and mist come on, as they did one summer evening years ago, when I was crossing from valley to valley by an ill-defined track, you may find a pocket-compass a deliverance from a very comfortless night.

It was nearly twenty years since I had been in these hills, and they, or rather I should say, all the *details* of them, were as good as new to me. I noticed with curiosity how these details gradually came back to me as things known in a previous state of existence, bringing the old associations back with them, so that I lived in a fresh undergraduatehood once more. Again and again their original writing on my mind had been written over, in other regions and other climates, and yet by some mysterious process it was brought to light, and the palimpsest made intelligible. In ascending one hill through a wood I could not be sure that I was on the old familiar path till certain mossy rocks, jutting out into the path under the ash trees, came

home to me like old friends—not suddenly, but with a growing consciousness of certainty that became firmer every minute. I sat down by those old rocks to let them have their way with me, and to gaze at the view of curving wooded valley which I began to recollect once trying rather lamely to sketch.

In those days I knew nothing of birds; I was far too much engrossed in Aristotle and fishing to find room for natural history. Now, wherever I go I find something new to learn, for birds are everywhere; and in this very spot I had a note to make that was of great interest to me. In the Alps I have noticed that the song of the Tree-pipit is heard in all the lower timbered pastures up to the point at which the pines come to an end, and the real Alps begin. To that point you must ascend if you would hear the true alpine Pipit, which there takes the place of the other, singing perhaps a more monotonous song but one quite as blithe and cheering, as it hovers in the air out of sight, then slowly nears you, to drop on to a boulder or a tuft of alpine rhododendron. During my short climb up the Welsh hill-side I had heard the Tree-pipit continually, and when I reached the margin of the wood and came out on those delicious gentler slopes, where only a tree here and there breaks the welcome skyline, the same bird was still singing vigorously; but as soon as I had left these straggling trees behind me, and was fairly out on the open moorland of sweet short grass and thick dry ling, then I was saluted by the voice, not of the alpine bird, but of our own English Meadow-pipit, which descends in autumn, like its alpine cousin, to lower feeding grounds, and is known in fact to all of us, at all seasons, as the Titlark. For a moment I was fairly carried off to those exquisite Alps above Engelberg, with which I especially associate the alpine bird; for the songs of the two are much alike, though the foreigner is bolder and stronger in his flight, and louder

and more continuous in his strain. He and his song are in keeping with the huge reach of the rocks and peaks around him; the height and range of his flight are great, and you often search for him in vain, as the bell-like notes come now from this side, now from that, or lose him, after once catching sight of him against the sky, as he descends to the ground in the shadow of some dark precipice. But the English bird soon catches your eye and hovers near you if you are likely to approach its nest; no mystery attends it, no great mountain walls encompass it, nor does it mount far away in air and "despise the earth", like the Skylark that was singing there, too, away from all human cultivation, a tiny speck against the light driving clouds.

These Pipits kept me company the whole way over the moor, nor did I see any other birds then but the Skylark and a few Wheatears very anxious about their young, till I came to the edge of the lonely valley where, in 1869, I had spent so many weeks of hard work and fresh air. How pleasant it is to realise once more the landscape that has so long been merely a blurred outline in your mind! How pleasant to recognise little changes and improvements, of which you had only heard! But the most pressing matter at the moment was to remember how we used to cross the stream that flows at the foot of the hill, which is a little too broad and deep to be forded except under pressing necessity. My binocular has fallen into a brook on the way, as I was foolishly jumping it to save going a very short way round, and is unusable; and it is only as I get to the foot of the hill, on which the fragrant mountain-fern has tempted me to linger, that I discover that either time has sadly worn away the fragile one-planked bridge, or that I must have been at twenty-one more capable of balancing myself on such a quaking structure than I am now. But I do get to the other side, and in a few minutes am at the familiar door of my old friend the parson, in whose hos-

pitable house I used to stay; his name I will not mention, but it is not hard to guess.

It is still spring in these wilds; such hedges as there are here are still white with hawthorn blossom, and the wild roses have hardly begun to bloom. The grass even here in the valley is short enough for me: a short thick undergrowth of flowers, with enough of taller grasses to suggest that it is meant for hay. But about these fields, and round the fine solid new church, which stands at the junction of two mountain streams, the Sand-martins are busy, reminding me of the richer water-meadows I have left behind me in England. These Sand-martins took me by surprise: in old days I never noticed them, and never learnt to associate them with water that talks as it runs. About Oxford, where they are perhaps in greater numbers than in any other haunt of mine, their conversation is unbroken by the noise of water; and in the silence of a still summer evening it forces itself on your attention, for there is nothing but your own thoughts to rival it. Here, as I stood in the churchyard, with the streams and the Sand-martins chatting all around me, there seemed to be much more life and stir than by the silent Thames in the heavy English air. Probably this was the last colony on this side of the mountain range which separated me from the Irish Sea: the last ripple of the wave of Sand-martins which comes surging in April up the larger rivers, breaking into lesser parties, we may suppose, to seek old haunts up the smaller streams, and so touching with one of its last laps this far-away mountain hamlet. *Inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos!*

Swift, House-martin, Swallow, are also to be seen here, but in spare numbers, even in the valleys: they have very good reasons for preferring the more cultivated districts. Here a few scattered farm-houses are all the buildings which offer them a chance of nest-building, for villages,

in the English sense of the word, are almost unknown. And it struck me too that the slaty soil can hardly supply the Martins with the sticky mud which is one of their most pressing architectural needs. It would be curious, by the way, to ascertain whether the number of the Martin population in any district is really affected by the nature of the soil. On the hill-tops and the moorland, as in the higher Alps, all these birds are absent; or are perhaps only to be seen there in very fine weather, such as I did not enjoy on this visit.

No sooner had I arrived at my friend's house, than the old familiar mountain rain began to scud down the valley in front of the windows, and kept me indoors till it was time to depart; so I was not able to look for the Buzzards which live here, and used to build, if I do not mistake, on the wooded crag beyond the house. Once, in 1869, a magnificent Kite came gliding over the hills, and stayed about the valley for the greater part of a day: a fact of which I still have a note in a diary kept in those days. Happy is the English ornithologist who has seen this splendid bird on the wing! "A few pairs," says Mr. Seebohm, "still remain in the secluded districts of Wales." This is one of those districts, or rather perhaps an outlying portion of one; for though I had heard a rumour that there was a Kite's nest in this very parish and at this very time, I could hear nothing of it on the spot, even from the parson's twelve-year-old boy, who could tell me something about other birds and their nests.

Returning by the valley (for it was still raining hard), I gradually passed into a region of greater luxuriance, which I had been able to explore for birds the previous day. For the last mile or so the road passes nearly at the foot of a very steep hill, clad up to its very crown with trees—oaks for the most part, but among them ashes, too, and birches, and with sycamores

bordering the road at the bottom. Beneath the trees is no great luxuriance of grass, for the brake-fern here has it all its own way, and covers the whole hill-side, except where an occasional bit of rock juts out, in the shelves and crannies of which a mossy turf is spread. The aspect of this hill is southern, and below it is a trout-stream: could any place be a more pleasant and beautiful home for wood-loving birds? In fact this, and the adjoining higher hill whose head is free from forest, are wonderfully rich in bird-life. I have often noticed that a steep slope, where trees are not too closely packed for the sun to shine freely in among the shadows, is always a favourite haunt. Was there not, and is there not, the famous hanger of Selborne, made memorable for ever to English bird-lovers? Another such steep wood in the chalk country has been admirably described by the late Mr. Jefferies in the "Gamekeeper at Home." They are good for bird-observers as well as for birds, for there is no position so happy as one from which you can look *down*, unobserved, through a vista of trees, without wearying the eyes by a long, strained, upward search through tangled foliage. Taking up your position at some point where you can command as many trees as possible, leaving the upper and denser foliage for the most part out of your thoughts, but keeping a keen eye on all barer boughs or leafless twigs—for these are specially affected by some birds, and others too will come to them in the course of their wanderings—you may sit quietly down and wait, with binocular ready, and ear as keenly observant as your eye would be if it were watching your flies on the stream far below. In such moments the sharp look-out you have to keep will in no way hinder you from enjoying the beauty of the interlacing oak-branches, or the gray tint which the lichen that everywhere clings to them gives to the whole woodland scene.

The ear will probably be the first watchman to give the signal for a still closer attention. The voices of the ubiquitous Chaffinch and Willow-wren have not been enough to rouse it, for they are at hand everywhere, both in Wales and England. But now I hear the voice of a little bird that is not too common, for I have only lately become familiar with it; it is not unlike the winding up of an old-fashioned watch or a musical box, if you imagine the key turned very slowly at first, then more and more quickly, until the position of the winder's hand compels him to rest for a moment and begin the operation anew. This is the voice of the Wood-wren, or Wood-warbler, which was no doubt heard by White in that same hanger at Selborne, for he himself was the first to describe it. A most curious voice it is, and in spite of the description I have given, very far from unmusical; there is a certain silvery shivering sibilance in it that craves your attention, and grows upon you as it comes nearer and nearer. Patience is necessary if we would see the bird fairly; and the only way is to sit and wait till you have caught him, even but for an instant, with your unassisted eye, and marked the tree in which he is searching for food. He will not wander far, unless you pursue him; the nest is in the fern not far away, and the persistence of his note makes it probable that his wife is still sitting on eggs, and that the duty of finding food for hungry young ones has not yet begun. Watch him till he comes near enough to show you how all a bird's mind is put into his song; as he utters it, his long, closed wings are slightly opened and shaken, and his bill opens wider and wider, till the vibrating tongue is clearly visible as the head is held upwards to sustain the effort. Every now and then he will communicate with his wife by a signal she knows well: it is a series of long, pathetic notes, which can be heard at a long distance, and speak his tender love and appreciation of her labours. These notes are uttered

—for I have watched the bird at a distance of a few feet—with the bill almost closed, and with no sign of effort; they are rather an inward meditation than an outspoken call, in spite of their resonance.

What you see when the singer has revealed himself is nothing but a little brown bird with a whitish-yellow throat and pure white breast and belly; the books indeed tell you that there is much yellow about it, but this you would readily discover only if you had it in your hand and could turn up the feathers. But if not conspicuous in his colouring, he is a model of perfect grace in shape and movement; and if birds are to be studied, as indeed I hope they are, not merely as empty skins, but as living creatures with minds, hoping and fearing, rejoicing and sorrowing, here is one that I may well watch for half an hour, and feel as much indebted to the sight of his delicate form and harmonious motion as I should to the contemplation of the gracefulest of Greek vases or the purest melody of Mozart.

Perhaps of all living creatures there is none whose beauty of form and colouring exceeds that of the trout, as I had reason to think once more in that very walk, of which the ultimate object was to fish in a stream on the further side of the hill in whose wooded flanks the Wood-wrens were so abundant. But you must catch your trout if you are to see him in all his splendour of spotted sides and golden belly, and you cannot very well watch him at ease in his favourite hole, nor has he a voice to express his hopes and fears. If he had one, I think my fishing career, revived in these few days, would once more be a thing of the past. I fancy, when I come to think of it, that one reason at least why of all sports fishing is the only one that pleases me is because a fish is a silent animal. You haul him from his element—he complains not but by gesture; you put a speedy end to his existence by a sharp knock—he leaves his life indignant but in silence. There



is a certain tarn among these hills where the trout are said, when caught, to give vent to their indignation in inarticulate sounds; but I have never fished in that pool, nor, if I found the story true, would I fish there a second time.

There is one other bird which I should wish to notice before I leave these woods and close these notes for the present, which does not need to be watched for like the Wood-wren, but obtrudes himself upon your attention by his bright plumage, his comparatively loud note of warning, and his preference for the lower and barer boughs of the trees. It is not often that we of the midlands have the chance of seeing a Pied Flycatcher alive, and this was only the second time that I had come across him in our island. If he appears in Oxfordshire, as he did once in my village in April, and once last spring in a wood near Oxford, he is only a passing visitor. It would seem that the flat country is not to his mind, and he makes north and west for wooded hills. From Cumberland we have an excellent account of him in Mr. Macpherson's "Birds of Cumberland", and in Breconshire and Radnorshire he is almost a common bird—perhaps as common as his cousin the little Spotted Flycatcher, who is content with any garden or orchard in any district where he can find flies. The commonplaces of English scenery will not do for the handsome pied bird, perhaps because his brilliant black and white attracts the attention of the most cruel bird-nesting population in the world, or simply because one of those predilections for which we can never altogether account urges him to sunny timbered slopes, where the trees are old and offer him a choice of many a cavernous homestead. Certain it is, that whenever I have seen him on the Continent he has always been in such places, whether among the larger timber of a Swiss mountain-side or on the forest-slopes of the Taunus range. Just as the trout loves swiftly-running

streams, or as the Wood-warbler is sure to be heard where the oak is the prevailing tree, so there are certain spots which you instinctively feel that this Flycatcher *ought* to have chosen for his habitation, and if you are in the right district you may lay a fair wager that he will be found there.

Such a spot, on the edge of the beech-forests of Wiesbaden, will always remain in very clear outline in my memory, for it was there I first heard the song of this bird. It is very seldom now that I hear a song that is quite new to me. If it were not that so many of our songsters sing all too short a time, and that when they tune up one by one for the orchestra of the spring season, each instrument touches the ear with the fresh delight of recognition, I might feel as much at the end of my tether as the mountaineer who has no more peaks to climb. But this song was not only new, but wonderfully sweet and striking. "Something like a Redstart's", say the books, (e.g., Mr. Seebohm, and Mr. Saunders in his excellent "Manual of British Birds", now being published in parts); and this is not untrue, so far as it represents the outward form, so to speak, of the song—the quickness or shortness of notes, the rapid variations of pitch. But no one who has once accustomed his ear to the very peculiar *timbre* of the voice of either kind of Redstart will mistake for it the song of the Pied Flycatcher. My notes taken on the spot, and before I had seen any other description of it, recall the song to my memory; the short notes at the beginning, the rather fragmentary and hesitating character of the strain, and the little *coda* or finish, which reminded me of the Chaffinch; but all this will have no meaning to my readers. There is but one way of learning a bird's song, and that is by listening to it in solitude again and again, until you have associated it in your mind with the form and habits and haunts of the singer.

The song had long ago ceased in

these Welsh woods, and the birds were no longer, as at Wiesbaden, exploring the holes in the trees for a good nesting-place: the hen going into a hole and coming out again to report, while the cock clung like a Swift to the outside, showing me every feather in his back, wings, and tail. Nesting was over in the woods I write of, and the young birds, in their comparatively dull juvenile dress, were flitting about among the moss-clad sycamores, or being fed by their parents if still *in statu pupillari*. It was time that I should shoulder my rod and creel, and cross the open mountain to the trout-stream in the next valley—taking great care, so I was warned, not to fall over the slate-quarry—with some hope of hearing the Curlew's call, or of seeing the young Ring-ousels that are bred on these moors; and destined to get drenched in heavy and pitiless showers, before I have extracted a dozen little trout from the deep-brown peaty pools, and the rising water and splashing rain has diverted their minds from my fly.

Though Wales is too far west for the Nightingale, and too little cultivated to suit some few other birds which live entirely on seeds and grain, the naturalist will find plenty to do there, and a field of operations which is

almost unworked. The Welsh do not seem to take kindly to natural history as yet, in spite of their four colleges and their projected University. "The Birds of Wales", when it comes to be written, should far exceed in interest the monographs of the ornithology of single English counties, if only because Wales is a natural division of this island, and not merely an artificial one. I have only written in this paper of two or three species, but the woods were alive with many other kinds, and I had no difficulty, by questioning those who had lived all their lives in the district, in making a list of near a hundred species during the few days of my visit. That visit will always be remembered by me as a delightful break in what promises to be a dull and inhospitable summer. I return to the midlands to find the hay still uncut, or lying in sodden heaps on a soaking soil, and I begin to long again already for the light air and short grass of the hills, and for the musical chat of the mountain-brooks. In pensive moments I seem to feel the living weight of a trout at the end of my line, or to hear the shivering note of the unseen Wood-wren coming gradually nearer to me through the lichened oak-boughs.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.<sup>1</sup>

HALF a century after his death, Praed, who is loved by those who love him perhaps as sincerely as most greater writers, has had his works presented to the public in a form which may be called complete. This is of itself rather a cautious statement in appearance, but I am not sure that it ought not to be made more cautious still. The completeness is not complete, though it is in one respect rather more than complete; and the form is exceedingly informal. Neither in size, nor in print, nor in character of editing and arrangement do the two little fat volumes which were ushered twenty-four years ago into the world by Derwent Coleridge, and the one little thin volume which appeared last year under Sir George Young's name with no notes and not much introduction, and the very creditable edition of the political poems which has just appeared under the same care but better cared for, agree together. But this, though a nuisance to those who love not a set of odd volumes, would matter comparatively little if the discrepancies were not equally great in a much more important matter than that of mere externals. Only the last of the four volumes and three books just enumerated can be said to be really edited at all; and though that is edited very well, it is the least important. Sir George Young, who has thus done a pious

work to his uncle's memory, was concerned not merely in the cheap issue of the prose last year, but in the more elaborate issue of the poems in 1864. But either his green unknowing youth did not at that time know what editing meant, or he was under the restraint of some higher powers. Except that the issue of 1864 has that well-known page-look of "Moxon's", which is identified to all lovers of poetry with associations of Shelley, of Lord Tennyson, and of other masters, and that the pieces are duly dated, it is difficult to say any good thing of the book. There are no notes; and Praed is an author who is much in need of annotation. With singular injudiciousness, a great deal of album and other verse is included which was evidently not intended for publication, which does not display the writer at his best, or even in his characteristic vein at all, and the memoir is meagre in fact and decidedly feeble in criticism. As for the prose, though Sir George Young has prefixed an introduction good as far as it goes, there is no index, no table even of contents, and the separate papers are not dated, nor is any indication given of their origin—a defect which, for reasons to be indicated shortly, is especially troublesome in Praed's case. Accordingly anything like a critical study of the poet is beset with very unusual difficulties, and the mere reading of him, if it were less agreeable in itself, could not be said to be exactly easy. Luckily Praed is a writer so eminently engaging to the mere reader, as well as so interesting in divers ways to the personage whom some one has politely called "the gelid critic", that no sins or shortcomings of his editors can do

<sup>1</sup> 1. "The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, with a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge." In two volumes. London, 1864.

2. "Essays by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, collected and arranged by Sir George Young, Bart." London, 1887.

3. "The Political and Occasional Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, edited, with Notes, by Sir George Young." London, 1888.

him much harm, so long as they let him be read at all.

Winthrop Mackworth was the third son of Serjeant Praed, Chairman of the Board of Audit, and, though his family was both by extraction and by actual seat Devonian, he was born in John Street, Bedford Row, on June 26th, 1802, the year of the birth of Victor Hugo, who was perhaps about as unlike Praed in every conceivable point, except metrical mastery, as two men possessing poetic faculty can be unlike one another. John Street may not appear as meet a nurse for a poetic child as Besançon, especially now when it has settled down into the usual office-and-chambers state of Bloomsbury. But it is unusually wide for a London street; it has trees—those of the Foundling Hospital and those of Gray's Inn—at either end, and all about it cluster memories of the Bedford Row conspiracy, and of that immortal dinner which was given by the Briefless One and his timid partner to Mr. Goldmore, and of Sydney Smith's sojourn in Doughty Street, and of divers other pleasant things. In connection however with Praed himself, we do not hear much more of John Street. It was soon exchanged for the more cheerful locality of Teignmouth, where his father (who was a member of the old western family of Mackworth, Praed being an added surname) had a country house. Serjeant Praed encouraged, if he did not positively teach, the boy to write English verse at a very early age: a practice which I should be rather slow to approve, but which has been credited, perhaps justly, with the very remarkable formal accuracy and metrical ease of Praed's after work. Winthrop lost his mother early, was sent to a private school at eight years old, and to Eton in the year 1814. Public schools in their effect of allegiance on public school-boys have counted for much in English history, literary and other, and Eton has counted for more than

any of them. But hardly in any case has it counted for so much with the general reader as in Praed's. A friend of mine, who, while entertaining high and lofty views on principle, takes low ones by a kind of natural attraction, says that the straightforward title of "The Etonian" and Praed's connection with it are enough to account for this. There you have a cardinal fact easy to seize and easy to remember. "Praed! Oh! yes, the man who wrote 'The Etonian'; he must have been an Eton man," says the general reader. This is cynicism, and cannot be too strongly reprehended. But unluckily, as in other cases, a kind of critical deduction or reaction from this view has also taken place, and there are persons who maintain, that Praed's merit is a kind of coterie-merit, a thing which Eton men are bound, and others are not bound but the reverse, to uphold. This is an old, but apparently still effective trick. I read not long ago a somewhat elaborate attempt to make out that the people who admire Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems admire them because they, the people, are Oxford men. Now this form of "ruling out" is undoubtedly ingenious. "You admire Mr. Arnold's poems?" "Yes, I do." "You are an Oxford man?" "Yes, I am." "Ah! I see." And it is perfectly useless for the victim to argue that his admiration of the poet and his allegiance to the University have nothing to do with each other. In the present case I at least am free from this illogical but damaging disqualification. I do not think that any one living admires Praed more than I do; and neither Eton nor Cambridge, which may be said to have divided influence on him, claims any allegiance from me.

On Praed himself, however, the influence of Eton was certainly great, if not of the greatest. Here he began in other school periodicals besides "The Etonian" ("The College Magazine", "Horæ Otiosæ", "Apis Matina")

his prose and, to some though a less extent, his verse-exercises in finished literature. Here he made the beginnings of that circle of friends (afterwards slightly enlarged at Cambridge by the addition of non-Etonians and including one or two Oxford men who had been at Eton) which practically formed the staff of "The Etonian" itself and of the subsequent "Knight's Quarterly" and "Brazen Head". The greatest of them all, Macaulay, belonged to the later Trinity set; but the Etonians proper included the two Coleridges (Derwent and his cousin and brother-in-law, Henry Nelson), Moultrie, W. S. Walker, C. H. Townsend, and others. There has been, I believe, a frequent idea that boys who contribute to school-magazines never do anything else. Praed certainly could not be produced as an instance. He was not a great athlete, partly because his health was always weak, partly because athletics were then in their infancy. But he is said to have been a good player at fives and tennis, an amateur actor of merit, expert at chess and whist, and latterly a debater of promise, while, in the well-known way of his own school and University, he was more than a sufficient scholar. He went to Trinity in October, 1821, and in the three following years won the Browne Medals for Greek verse four times and the Chancellor's Medal for English verse twice. He was third in the Classical Tripos, was elected to a Fellowship at his college in 1827, and in 1830 obtained the Seatonian Prize with a piece, "The Ascent of Elijah", which is remarkable for the extraordinary facility with which it catches the notes of the just published "Christian Year". He was a great speaker at the Union, and, as has been hinted, he made a fresh circle of literary friends for himself, the chief ornaments whereof were Macaulay and Charles Austin. It was also during his sojourn at Cambridge that the short-lived but brilliant venture of "Knight's Quarterly" was launched.

He was about four years resident at Trinity in the first instance; after which, according to a practice then common enough but now, I believe, obsolete, he returned to Eton as private and particular tutor to Lord Ernest Bruce. This employment kept him for two years. He then read law, was called to the Bar in 1829, and in 1830 was elected to Parliament for the moribund borough of St. Germans, was re-elected next year, contested St. Ives, when St. Germans lost its members, but was beaten; in 1834 was elected for Great Yarmouth, and 1837 for Aylesbury, which last seat he held to his death. During the whole of this time he sat as a Conservative, becoming a more thorough one as time went on; and as he had been at Cambridge a very decided Whig, and had before his actual entrance on public life written many pointed and some bitter lampoons against the Tories, the change, in the language of his amiable and partial friend and biographer, "occasioned considerable surprise". Of this also more presently: for it is well to get merely biographical details over with as little digression as possible. Surprise or no surprise, he won good opinions from both sides, acquired considerable reputation as a debater and a man of business, was in the confidence both of the Duke of Wellington and of Sir Robert Peel, was made Secretary of the Board of Control in 1834, married in 1835, was appointed Deputy-High Steward of his University (a mysterious appointment, of the duties of which I have no notion), and died of disease of the lungs on July 15th, 1839. Not very much has been published about Praed personally; but in what has been published, and in what I have heard, I cannot remember a single unfriendly sentence.

Notwithstanding his reputation as an "inspired schoolboy", I do not know that sober criticism would call him a really precocious writer, especially in verse. The pieces by which

he is best known and which have most individuality date in no case very early, and in almost all cases after his five-and-twentieth year. What does date very early (and unluckily it has been printed with a copiousness betokening more affection than judgment, considering that the author had more sense than to print it at all) is scarcely distinguishable from any other verses of any other clever boy. It is impossible to augur any future excellence from such stuff as

"Emilia often sheds the tear  
But affectation bids it flow",  
or as

"From breasts which feel compassion's glow  
Solicit mild the kind relief";

and for one's own part one is inclined to solicit mild the kind relief of not having to read it. Even when Praed had become, at least technically, a man, there is no very great improvement as a whole, though here and there one may see, looking backwards from the finished examples, faint beginnings of his peculiar touches, especially of that pleasant trick of repeating the same word or phrase with a different and slightly altered sense which, as Mr. Austin Dobson has suggested, may have been taken from Burns. The Cambridge prize poems are quite authentic and respectable examples of that style which has received its final criticism in

"Ply battleaxe and hurtling catapult:  
Jerusalem is ours! *Id Deus vult*,"—

though they do not contain anything so nice as that, or as its great author's more famous couplet respecting Africa and the men thereof. The longer romances of the same date, "Gog", "Lillian", "The Troubadour", are little more than clever reminiscences sometimes of Scott, Byron, Moore and other contemporaries, sometimes of Prior and the *vers de société* of the eighteenth century. The best passage by far of all this is the close of "How to Rhyme with Love", and this,

as it seems to me, is the only passage of even moderate length which, in the poems dating before Praed took his degree, in the least foretells the poet of "The Red Fisherman", "The Vicar", the "Letters from Teignmouth", the "Fourteenth of February" (earliest in date and not least charming fruit of the true vein), "Good-night to the Season", and best and most delightful of all, the peerless "Letter of Advice", which is as much the very best thing of its own kind as the "Divine Comedy" itself.

In prose Praed was a little earlier, but not very much. "The Etonian" itself was even in its earliest numbers written at an age when many, perhaps most, men have already left school; and the earlier numbers are as imitative of the "Spectator" and its late and now little read followers of the eighteenth century as is the verse above quoted. The youthful boisterousness of "Blackwood" gave Praed a more congenial because a fresher cue; and in the style of which Maginn as Adjutant O'Doherty had set the example in his Latinisings of popular verse, and which was to be worked to death by Father Prout, there are few things better than the "Musæ O'Connoriane" which celebrates the great fight of Mac Nevis and Mac Twolter. But there is here still the distinct following of a model, the taint of the school-exercise. Very much more original is "The Knight and the Knave": indeed I should call this the first original thing, though it be a parody, that Praed did. To say that it reminds one in more than subject of "Rebecca and Rowena", and that it was written some twenty years earlier, is to say a very great deal. Even here, however, the writer's ground is rented, not freehold. It is very different in such papers as "Old Boots" and "The Country Curate", while in the later prose contributed to "Knight's Quarterly" the improvement in originality is marked. "The Union



Club" is amusing enough all through : but considering that it was written in 1823, two years before Jeffrey asked the author of a certain essay on Milton "where he got that style", one passage of the speech put in the mouth of Macaulay is positively startling. "The Best Bat in the School" is quite delightful, and "My First Folly", though very unequal, contains, in the scene in the introduction between Vyvian Joyeuse and Margaret Orleans, a specimen of a kind of dialogue nowhere to be found before, so far as I know, and giving proof that if Praed had set himself to it he might have started a new kind of novel.

It does not appear however that his fancy led him with any decided bent to prose composition, and he very early deserted it for verse ; though he is said at a comparatively late period of his short life to have worked in harness as a regular leader-writer for the "Morning Post" during more than a year. No examples of this work of his have been reprinted nor, so far as I know, does any means of identifying them exist, though I personally should like to examine them. He was still at Cambridge when he drifted into another channel, which was still not his own channel, but in which he feathered his oars under two different flags with no small skill and dexterity. Sir George Young has a very high idea of his uncle's political verse, and places him "first among English writers, before Prior, before Canning, before the authors of the 'Rolliad', and far before Moore or any of the still anonymous contributors to the later London press". I cannot subscribe to this. Neither as Whig nor as Tory, neither as satirist of George the Fourth nor as satirist of the Reform Bill, does Praed seem to me to have been within a hundred miles of that elder school-fellow of his who wrote

"All creeping creatures, venomous and low,  
Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise  
Lepaux."

He has nothing for sustained wit and ease equal to the best pieces of the "Fudge Family" and the "Two-Penny Postbag"; and (for I do not know why one should not praise a man because he happens to be alive and one's friend) I do not think he has the touch of the true political satirist as Mr. Traill has it in "Professor Baloonatics Cranioeracs", or in that admirable satire on democracy which is addressed to the "Philosopher Crazed, from the Island of Crazes".

Indeed, by mentioning Prior, Sir George seems to put himself rather out of court. Praed is very nearly if not quite Prior's equal, but the sphere of neither was politics. Prior's political pieces are thin and poor beside his social verse, and with rare exceptions I could not put anything political of Praed's higher than the shoe-string of "Araminta." Neither of these two charming poets seems to have felt seriously enough for political satire. Matthew we know played the traitor ; and though Mackworth ratted to my own side, I fear it must be confessed that he did rat. I can only discover in his political verse two fixed principles, both of which no doubt did him credit, but which hardly, even when taken together, amount to a sufficient political creed. The one was fidelity to Canning and his memory : the other was impatience of the cant of the reformers. He could make admirable fun of Joseph Hume, and of still smaller fry like Waithman : he could attack Lord Grey's nepotism and doctrinairism fiercely enough. Once or twice, or, to be fair, more than once or twice, he struck out a happy, indeed a brilliant flash. He was admirable at what Sir George Young calls, justly enough, "political patter songs" such as,

"Young widowhood shall lose its weeds,  
Old kings shall loathe the Tories,  
And monks be tired of telling beads,  
And Blues of telling stories ;

And titled suitors shall be crossed,  
 And famished poets married,  
 And Canning's motion shall be lost,  
 And Hume's amendment carried;  
 And Chancery shall cease to doubt,  
 And Algebra to prove,  
 And hoops come in, and gas go out  
 Before I cease to love."

He hit off an exceedingly savage and certainly not wholly just "Epitaph on the King of the Sandwich Islands" which puts the conception of George the Fourth that Thackeray afterwards made popular, and contains these felicitous lines:

"The people in his happy reign,  
 Were blessed beyond all other nations;  
 Unharmed by foreign axe and chain,  
 Unhealed by civic innovations;  
 They served the usual logs and stones,  
 With all the usual rites and terrors,  
 And swallowed all their fathers' bones,  
 And swallowed all their fathers' errors.

"When the fierce mob, with clubs and knives,  
 All swore: that nothing should prevent  
 them,  
 But that their representatives  
 Should actually represent them,  
 He interposed the proper checks,  
 By sending troops, with drums and  
 banners,  
 To cut their speeches short, and necks,  
 And break their heads, to mend their  
 manners".

Occasionally in a sort of middle vein between politics and society he wrote in the "patter" style just noticed quite admirable things like "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine". Throughout the great debates on Reform he rallied the reformers with the same complete and apparently useless superiority of wit and sense which has often, if not invariably, been shown at similar crises on the losing side. And once, on an ever memorable occasion, he broke into those famous and most touching "Stanzas on seeing the Speaker Asleep" which affect one almost to tears by the perennial and indeed ever increasing applicability of their matter.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker: it's surely fair,  
 If you don't in your bed, that you should  
 in your chair:

Longer and longer still they grow,  
 Tory and Radical, Aye and No;  
 Talking by night and talking by day;  
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker: sleep, sleep while you  
 may.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker: slumber lies  
 Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes—  
 Fielden or Finn, in a minute or two,  
 Some disorderly thing will do;  
 Riot will chase repose away;  
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker; &c.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker; Cobbett will soon  
 Move to abolish the sun and moon;  
 Hume, no doubt, will be taking the sense  
 Of the House on a saving of thirteen-pence;  
 Grattan will growl or Baldwin bray;  
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker; &c.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker: dream of the time  
 When loyalty was not quite a crime,  
 When Grant was a pupil in Canning's  
 school,  
 And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.  
 Lord, how principles pass away!  
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker; &c.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker; sweet to men  
 Is the sleep that comes but now and then;  
 Sweet to the sorrowful, sweet to the ill,  
 Sweet to the children who work in a mill.  
 You have more need of sleep than they,  
 Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep, sleep while you  
 may".

But the chief merit of Praed's political verse as a whole seems to me to be that it kept his hand in, and enabled him to develop and refine the trick referred to of playing on words so as to give a graceful turn to verse composed in his true vocation.

Of the verse so composed there are more kinds than one; though perhaps only in two kinds is the author absolutely at his best. There is first a certain class of pieces which strongly recall Macaulay's "Lays" and may have had some connection of origin with them. Of course those who are foolish enough to affect to see nothing good in "The Battle of the Lake Regillus", or "Ivry", or "The Armada" will not like "Cassandra" or "Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor", or the "Covenanter's Lament for Bothwell Brigg" or "Arminius". Nevertheless they are fine in their way. "Arminius" is too long, and it suffers from the obvious comparison

with Cowper's far finer "Boadicea". But its best lines, such as the well-known

"I curse him by our country's gods,  
The terrible, the dark,  
The scatterers of the Roman rods,  
The quellers of the bark,"

are excellent in the style, and "Sir Nicholas" is charming. But not here either did Apollo seriously wait for Praed. The later romances or tales are far better than the earlier. "The Legend of the Haunted Tree" shows in full swing that happy compound and contrast of sentiment and humour in which the writer excelled. And "The Teufelhaus", is except "The Red Fisherman" perhaps, the best thing of its kind in English. These lines are good enough for anything:

"But little he cared, that stripling pale,  
For the sinking sun or the rising gale;  
For he, as he rode, was dreaming now,  
Poor youth, of a woman's broken vow,  
Of the cup dashed down, ere the wine was  
tasted,  
Of eloquent speeches sadly wasted,  
Of a gallant heart all burnt to ashes,  
And the Baron of Katzeberg's long mous-  
taches."

And these:

"Swift as the rush of an eagle's wing,  
Or the flight of a shaft from Tartar string,  
Into the wood Sir Rudolph went:  
Not with more joy the schoolboys run  
To the gay green fields when their task is  
done;  
Not with more haste the members fly,  
When Hume has caught the Speaker's eye."

But in "The Red Fisherman" itself there is nothing that is not good. It is very short, ten small pages only of some five-and-twenty lines each. But there is not a weak place in it from the moment when "the Abbot arose and closed his book" to the account of his lamentable and yet lucky fate and punishment whereof "none but he and the fisherman Could tell the reason why". Neither of the two other practitioners who may be called the masters of this style, Hood and Barham, nor Praed himself elsewhere, nor any of his and their imitators has

trodden the breadthless line between real terror and mere burlesque with so steady a foot.

Still not here was his "farthest", as the geographers say, nor in the considerable mass of smaller poems which practically defy classification. In them, as so often elsewhere in Praed, one comes across odd notes, stray flashes of genius which he never seems to have cared to combine or follow out, such as the unwontedly serious "Time's Song", the best wholly serious thing that he has done, and the charming "L'Inconnue". But we find the perfect Praed, and we find him only, in the verses of society proper, the second part of the "Poems of Life and Manners" as they are headed, which began, as far as one can make out, to be written about 1826, and the gift of which Praed never lost, though he practised it little in the very last years of his life. Here, in a hundred pages, with a few to be added from elsewhere, are to be found some of the best-bred and best-natured verse within the English language, some of the most original and remarkable metrical experiments, a profusion of the liveliest fancy, a rush of the gayest rhyme. They begin with "The Vicar", *vir nullâ non donandus lauru*.

"[Whose] talk was like a stream, which runs  
With rapid change from rocks to roses:  
It slipped from politics to puns,  
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;  
Beginning with the laws which keep  
The planets in their radiant courses,  
And ending with some precept deep  
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses."

Three of the Vicar's companion "Everyday Characters" are good, but I think not so good as he; the fifth piece however "The Portrait of a Lady" is quite his equal.

"You'll be forgotten—as old debts  
By persons who are used to borrow;  
Forgotten—as the sun that sets,  
When shines a new one on the morrow;  
Forgotten—like the luscious peach  
That blessed the schoolboy last September;  
Forgotten—like a maiden speech,  
Which all men praise, but none remember."

"Yet ere you sink into the stream  
That whirls alike sage, saint, and  
martyr,  
And soldier's sword, and minstrel's theme,  
And Canning's wit, and Gatton's charter,  
Here, of the fortunes of your youth,  
My fancy weaves her dim conjectures,  
Which have, perhaps, as much of truth  
As passion's vows, or Cobbett's lectures".

Here, and perhaps here first, at least in the order of the published poems, appears that curious mixture of pathos and quizzing, sentiment and satire, which has never been mastered more fully or communicated more happily than by Praed. But not even yet do we meet with it in its happiest form: nor is that form to be found in "Josephine" which is much better in substance than in manner, or in the half-social, half-political patter of "The Brazen Head", or in "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine". It sounds first in the "Song for the Fourteenth of February". No one, so far as I know, has traced any exact original for the altogether admirable metre which, improved and glorified later in "The Letter of Advice", appears first in lighter matter still like this:

"Shall I kneel to a Sylvia or Celia,  
Whom no one e'er saw, or may see,  
A fancy drawn Laura Amelia,  
An *ad libit.* Anna Marie?  
Shall I court an initial with stars to it,  
Go mad for a G. or a J.,  
Get Bishop to put a few bars to it,  
And print it on Valentine's Day?"

But every competent critic has seen in it the origin of the more gorgeous and full-mouthed, if not more accomplished and dexterous, rhythm in which Mr. Swinburne has written "Dolores", and the even more masterly dedication of the first "Poems and Ballads". The shortening of the last line which the later poet has introduced is a touch of genius, but not perhaps greater than Praed's original discovery of the extraordinarily vivid and ringing qualities of the stanza. I profoundly believe that metrical quality is, other things being tolerably equal, the great secret of the enduring attraction of

verse, and nowhere, not in the greatest lyrics, is that quality more unmistakable than in the "Letter of Advice." I really do not know how many times I have read it; but I never can read it to this day, without being forced to read it out loud like a schoolboy and mark with accompaniment of hand-beat such lines as,

"Remember the thrilling romances  
We read on the bank in the glen:  
Remember the suitors our fancies  
Would picture for both of us then.  
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,  
They had vanquished and pardoned their  
foe—  
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?  
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

He must walk—like a god of old story  
Come down from the home of his rest;  
He must smile—like the sun in his glory,  
On the buds he loves ever the best;  
And oh! from its ivory portal  
Like music his soft speech must flow!  
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,  
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

There are, metrically speaking, few finer couplets in English than the first of that second stanza. Looked at from another point of view, the mixture of the comic and the serious in the piece is remarkable enough; but not so remarkable, I think, as its extraordinary metrical accomplishment. There is not a note or a syllable wrong in the whole thing, but every sound and every cadence comes exactly where it ought to come, so as to be, in a delightful phrase of Southey's, "necessary and voluptuous and right".

It is no wonder that when Praed had discovered such a medium he should have worked it freely. But he never impressed on it such a combination of majesty and grace as in this letter of Medora Trevilian. As far as the metre goes I think the eight-lined stanzas of this piece better suited than the twelve-lined ones of "Good Night to the Season" and the first "Letter from Teignmouth", but both are very delightful. Perhaps the first is the best known of all Praed's

poems, and certainly some things in it, such as

"The ice of her ladyship's manners,  
The ice of his lordship's champagne",

are among the most quoted. But this antithetical trick, of which Praed was so fond, is repeated a little often in it; and it seems to me to lack the freshness as well as the fire of the "Advice". On the other hand, the "Letter from Teignmouth" is the best thing that even Praed has ever done for combined grace and tenderness.

"You once could be pleased with our ballads—  
To-day you have critical ears;  
You once could be charmed with our salads—  
Alas! you've been dining with Peers;  
You trifled and flirted with many—  
You've forgotten the when and the how;  
There was one you liked better than any—  
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.  
But of those you remember most newly,  
Of those who delight or enthrall,  
None love you a quarter so truly  
As some you will find at our Ball.

"They tell me you've many who flatter,  
Because of your wit and your song:  
They tell me—and what does it matter?—  
You like to be praised by the throng:  
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel:  
They tell me you're loved by a Blue:  
They tell me you're sadly immoral—  
Dear Clarence, that cannot be true!  
But to me, you are still what I found you,  
Before you grew clever and tall;  
And you'll think of the spell that once  
bound you;  
And you'll come—won't you come?—to  
our Ball!"

Is not that perfectly charming?

It is perhaps a matter of mere taste whether it is or is not more charming than pieces like "School and School-fellows" (the best of Praed's purely Eton poems) and "Marriage Chimes", in which, if not Eton, the Etonian set also comes in. If I like these latter pieces less it is not so much because of their more personal and less universal subjects as because their style is much less individual. The resemblance to Hood cannot be missed, and though I believe there is some dispute as to which of the two poets actually hit upon the particular style first,

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there can be little doubt that Hood attained to the greater excellence in it. The real sense and savingness of that doctrine of the "principal and most excellent things", which has sometimes been preached rather corruptly and narrowly, is that the best things that a man does are those that he does best. Now though,

"I wondered what they meant by stock,  
I wrote delightful Sapphics",  
and

"With no hard work but Bovney stream,  
No chill except Long Morning",

are very nice things, I do not think they are so good in their kind as the other things that I have quoted; and this, though the poem contains the following wholly delightful stanza in the style of the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy":

"Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes  
Without the fear of sessions;  
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities  
As much as false professions;  
Now Mill keeps order in the land,  
A magistrate pedantic;  
And Medlar's feet repose unscanned  
Beneath the wide Atlantic."

The same may even be said of "Utopia", a much-praised, often-quoted, and certainly very amusing poem, of "I'm not a Lover now," and of others, which are also, though less exactly, in Hood's manner. To attempt to distinguish between that manner and the manner which is Praed's own is a rather perilous attempt; and the people who hate all attempts at reducing criticism to principle, and who think that a critic should only say clever things about his subject, like M. Jules Lemaitre, will of course dislike me for it. But that I cannot help. I should say then that Hood had the advantage of Praed in purely serious poetry; for Araminta's bard never did anything at all approaching "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies", "The Haunted House", or a score of other things. He had also the advantage in pure

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broad humour. But where Praed excelled was in the mixed style, not of sharp contrast as in Hood's "Lay of the Desert Born" and "Demon Ship", where from real pity and real terror the reader suddenly stumbles into pure burlesque, but of wholly blended and tempered humour and pathos. It is this mixed style in which I think his note is to be found as it is to be found in no other poet, and as it could hardly be found in any but one with Praed's peculiar talent and temper combined with his peculiar advantages of education, fortune, and social atmosphere. He never had to "pump out sheets of fun" on a sick-bed for the printer's devil, like his less well-fated but assuredly not less well-gifted rival; and as his scholarship was exactly of the kind to refine, temper, and adjust his literary manner, so his society and circumstances were exactly of the kind to repress, or at least not to encourage, exuberance or boisterousness. In his literary matter there are I believe who call him trivial, even frivolous; and if this be done sincerely by any careful readers of "The Red Fisherman" and the "Letter of Advice" I fear I must peremptorily disable their judgment. But this appearance of levity is in great part due exactly to the perfect modulation and adjustment of his various notes. He never shrieks or guffaws: there is no horse-play in him, just as there is no tearing a passion to tatters. The slight mannerisms more than once referred to rarely exceed what is justified by good literary manners. His points are very often so delicate, so little insisted on or underlined, that a careless reader may miss them altogether; his "questionings" are so little "obstinate" that a careless reader may think them empty.

"Will it come with a rose or a briar?

Will it come with a blessing or curse?

Will its bonnets be lower or higher?

Will its morals be better or worse?"

The author of this perhaps seems to some a mere jesting Pilate, and if he

does, they are quite right not to even try to like him.

I have seen disdainful remarks on those critics who, however warily, admire a considerable number of authors, as though they were coarse and omnivorous persons, unfit to rank with the delicates who can only relish one or two things in literature. But this is a foolish mistake. "One to one" is not "cursedly confined" in the relation of book and reader; and a man need not be a Don Juan of letters to have a list of almost *mille et tre* loves in that department. He must indeed love the best or those among the best only, in the almost innumerable kinds, which is not a very severe restriction. And Praed is of this so fortunately numerous company. I do not agree with those who lament his early death on the ground of its depriving literature or politics of his future greatness. In politics he would most probably not have become anything greater than an industrious and respectable official; and in letters his best work was pretty certainly done. For it was a work that could only be done in youth. In his scholarly but not frigidly correct form, in his irregular sallies and flashes of a genius really individual as far as it went but never perhaps likely to go much farther, in the freshness of his imitations, in the imperfection of his originalities, Praed was the most perfect representative we have had or ever are likely to have of what has been called, with a perhaps reprehensible parody on great words, "the eternal undergraduate within us, who rejoices before life". He is thus at the very antipodes of Wertherism and Byronism, a light but gallant champion of cheerfulness and the joy of living. Although there is about him absolutely nothing artificial—the curse of the lighter poetry as a rule—and though he attains to deep pathos now and then, and once or twice (notably in "The Red Fisherman") to a kind of grim earnestness, neither of these things is his real *forte*. Playing with literature and with life, not



frivolously or without heart, but with no very deep cares and no very passionate feeling is Praed's attitude whenever he is at his best. And he does not play at playing as many writers do: it is all perfectly genuine. Hardly, if at all, could he have kept up this attitude towards life after he had come to forty year; and he might have become either a merely intelligent and respectable person, which is most probable, or an elderly youth, which is of all things most detestable, or a caterwauler, or a cynic, or a preacher. From all these fates the gods mercifully saved him, and he abides with us (the presentation being but slightly marred by the injudicious prodigality of his editors) only as the poet of Medora's musical despair lest Araminta should derogate, of the Abbot's nightmare sufferings at the hands of the

Red Fisherman, of the plaintive appeal after much lively gossip—

"And you'll come—won't you come!—to our Ball",

of all the pleasures, and the jests, and the tastes, and the studies, and the woes, provided only they are healthy and manly, of Twenty-five. Unhappy is the person of whom it can be said that he neither has been, is, nor ever will be in the temper and circumstances of which Praed's verse is the exact and consummate expression; not much less unhappy he for whom that verse does not perform the best perhaps of all the offices of literature, and call up, it may be in happier guise than that in which they once really existed, the "many beloved shadows" of the past.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE CENTENARY OF BOLOGNA UNIVERSITY.

THE celebration of the eighth centenary of the University of Bologna will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to take part in it. As a spectacle, it will remain an ineffaceable vision of gorgeous colouring, stately architecture, representative notabilities and youthful enthusiasm. As a historical event, it stands apart even in an age of centenaries, as possessing a significance the fulness of which no single observer can possibly exhaust. The national character of the festival in honour of the mother of all Italian universities was emphasised by the presence of the King and Queen of re-united Italy; while its international importance was attested by the part taken in it by the ambassadors of Germany, Spain and Portugal, by congratulatory telegrams from the sovereigns of several other States, and by addresses and deputations from learned bodies in every quarter of the civilised globe.

It may be convenient to recall the claims of Bologna to such exceptional homage.

I. When a crowd of students has gathered round a body of eminent teachers, and the teachers have organised a system of co-opting qualified persons into their order by recognising them as brother teachers, or "Doctors", a university may fairly be said to have made its appearance. This seems first to have occurred at Bologna, though the University of Paris, now no longer in existence, could boast of almost equal antiquity.<sup>1</sup> Like other great institutions, the University of Bologna grew rather than was made. No papal bull or imperial edict called her into being, and the epoch of her recognised maturity is preceded by many isolated

indications of activity, among which it is difficult to single out any one as marking beyond question the commencement of her history. The year 1088 has therefore been chosen somewhat arbitrarily for this purpose, but there is little doubt that before the end of the century then drawing to its close students had been attracted to the town by the law lectures of Pepo, and Irnerius had already begun his interpretation of the *Pandects*.<sup>2</sup> Thereupon followed the long succession of the teachers of the Civil Law, and the gradual organization of their scholars into the two "Universities" (or corporations) of the "Cismontani" and "Transmontani", of whose large autonomy in the election of their Rectors some traces still remain in the constitution of the universities of Scotland. The English universities were moulded rather on the rival type of Paris, in which the predominant corporations were those of the Professors. These student-universities, in which, by the by, students who were citizens of Bologna had no part, were subdivided into many "Nations", such as the "Theotonicci", "Burgundiones", "Ungari", and "Anglici", in one or other of which the stranger found himself at once among compatriots. The Professors, or Doctors, became a sort of guild, retaining in their own hands the right of admitting new members into their society, by granting to them the teaching licence, which is the real

<sup>2</sup> The claim to a much older origin, supported by a spurious charter of Theodosius the Second, has long been relegated to the limbo whither it has been too tardily followed by the myths which connect the foundation of the University of Oxford with King Alfred. There has been however of late years a reaction in favour of the historical character of the derivation of the law schools of Bologna from those previously existing at Ravenna.

<sup>1</sup> These two, with Oxford and Salamanca, were recognised by the Popes as the "quatuor orbis generalia studia."

meaning of a university degree. Graduation, here as elsewhere, had three stages. A student was first promoted to the position of "bachelor"; next, after due examination, he received a licence to enter on the teaching of his subject; and lastly, after giving a specimen lecture (called his "inception" or "commencement") in full convocation, the "licentiate" was solemnly created a "Doctor", by a representation of the Doctors under whom he had studied. The ceremonial consisted in the bestowal of a hat, a ring, a book and a kiss, with induction into the professorial chair.

II. It was from Bologna that Europe received the priceless gift of the Civil Law. Of the potent influence for good exercised by this great system; of its use as an instrument of education; of its indirect effects upon the development of the law of France, England, Italy, and Spain; of its marvellous adoption as the common law of Germany; of the triumph of its principles, and even its nomenclature, in the great modern codes, this is not the place to speak. Suffice it to say that these results were obtained by a study of the Roman law, not in its original sources, but as interpreted by the schools of Bologna (*"quidquid non agnoscit glossa non agnoscit curia"*). Irnerius, or Werner, at the end of the eleventh century, created single-handed the school of the "Glossators" (*"studuit per se, sicut potuit"*), in which he was followed by the "four doctors"—Bulgarus, Martin, Hugo, and Jacobus, and by Azo and the Accursii.<sup>1</sup> The "Glossators" of Bologna were succeeded there in the thirteenth century by the "Commentators," and these in turn by the "Humanists," such as Alciatus, who united to the learning and acuteness of the older schools the scholarship of the Renaissance. To the labours of these men is due the renewed life of the law of

Rome; nor must it be forgotten that the canonists of Bologna were nearly as famous as her civilians. The "*Decretum Gratiani*" was the work of a Bolognese monk, and the subsequent collections of canons are respectively dedicated by Popes Gregory the Ninth, Boniface the Eighth, and Clement the Fifth to their "beloved sons, the doctors and scholars residing at Bologna".

III. To the law schools of Bologna were added in 1316 a Faculty of Medicine and Philosophy, and in 1362 a Faculty of Theology. In these studies also the University won for itself an honourable name, and is especially proud of its contributions to the knowledge of anatomy and to several branches of physical science. A peculiar distinction of Bologna has been the part taken in its teaching by learned ladies, such as were Properzia di Rossi, Laura Bassi, Clotilda Tambroni, and Gaetana Agnese. Novella, the beautiful daughter of Johannes Andrea, Professor of canon law, sometimes acted as her father's deputy, but we are told that, when lecturing,

"She had a curtain drawn before her,  
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students  
Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,  
And quite forget their jurisprudence."

It was to celebrate such achievements as these, continued through eight centuries, that the recent festival was organised. The preparations for it began two years ago, when the King consented to assume the title of "Protector" of the University, and a strong national committee was formed for working out the details of the centenary. Letters were sent out in December last to all the Universities of the world, inviting them to send delegates to share in the rejoicings, so that "*indictæ feriæ seculares maxima doctorum frequentia et lectissimorum ingeniorum splendore non modo Italiae sed etiam ceterarum gentium celebrarentur*." Some months later the students followed suit, in a circular letter to their comrades throughout the world.

Bologna may not strike the

<sup>1</sup> Of this school were Placentinus, who carried the Roman law to Montpellier, and Vacarius, by whom it was first taught at Oxford.

passing tourist, especially if his passage through it happens to occur in the Long Vacation, as possessing the characteristics of a university town. There is picturesqueness enough in the narrow streets, in the miles of continuous arcades offering a shelter which is here indispensable alike from summer glare and winter snowstorm, in the piazzas and fountains, in the massive and sombre residence of the old papal legates, in the rugged front of the great church of San Petronio, in the long lines of Renaissance palaces. But one may see and enjoy all this and miss the traces of a university. These are of three periods.

The earliest are the tombs of the Glossators. As Verona and some other cities take a character from the lofty monuments built for themselves by the tyrants who ruled over them, so here the last resting-places of the great expounders of the Civil Law must once have met the eye at every turn. Two of these are still standing in the Piazza Galileo. They are perhaps twenty feet high. Rising from a massive stone base, a multitude of marble columns support the sarcophagus of the learned man, who is represented on its exterior in the act of lecturing to a class which, as in modern times, is busily engaged in taking notes. Other such monuments are to be found in various churches, *e.g.* in those of San Francesco and San Domenico; several are built into the arcade of the Piazza Malpighi, but the best preserved specimens are now collected in two rooms of the Museo Civico. In almost every case the figure of the professor is obviously a careful portrait, and the attitudes of his class are admirably various and life-like. Among the monuments, on all of which laurel wreaths were placed during the festivities by the pious care of the Municipality, are those of Othofredus, the Accursii, Lignanus, Tartagnus, and many another well known to students of civilian lore. In the days of those great men degrees were conferred in the cathedral church

of St. Peter, now restored beyond recognition. Lectures were at first given in private houses, later in large halls set apart for the purpose. Of the colleges founded at different times for the residence of students, one only is still devoted to its original purpose.<sup>1</sup>

A new departure was made in the equipment of the University, when in 1562 Pope Pius the Fourth employed the architect Terribilia to build for its reception a fine Renaissance Palazzo, consisting of spacious lecture-rooms approached from open galleries running round a central court-yard. The walls and ceilings of these galleries are entirely covered with tablets, busts, and painted coats of arms, in commemoration of many generations of professors and students. This building is still known as the "Archiginnasio," though now applied to other uses.

Early in the present century the University, with its library and collections, was removed to new quarters in the Via Zamboni. The ground plan of the present building, formerly the Palazzo Cellesi, designed by Pellegrino Tibaldi, is somewhat similar to that of the Archiginnasio, and its halls and corridors are already decorated by many memorial busts and tablets. The modern University possesses four Faculties (Letters, Science, Law and Medicine), with about one hundred and forty professors and lecturers, and fourteen hundred students.

Such were the outward surroundings in which took place the proceedings at which I had the honour of being one of the representatives of the University of Oxford. The festivities were in fact two-fold. Concurrently with the doings of the reverend signors of the University and their foreign colleagues, there were also always in progress a succession of revels among the undergraduates, who had a reception-committee of their own, and

<sup>1</sup> On the Spanish College at Bologna, see "Macmillan's Magazine" for March, 1888.

were giving right hospitable entertainment to deputations of students not only from all the Italian universities but also from seats of learning as far apart as Athens and her modern Scottish compeer. Had it been possible to live two lives at once, or even by exertions prohibited by a thermometer at 85° in the shade to approximate to such a mode of existence, it would have been interesting to have made a careful comparative study of the undergraduates of all nations, but things being as they are, I was compelled to restrict my personal observations mainly to the professorial side of the picture. I am especially sorry to have missed the scene at the railway-station on Saturday, June 9th, when the Bolognese students, with such of their foreign friends as had already come, were assembled to welcome fresh arrivals. The train brought not only a deputation from Paris, but also deputations from Turin, with a huge cask of wine, from Pavia, with an enormous cheese, and from Padua, with a magnificently caparisoned white ox. These presents bore Latin inscriptions, suasive of eating and drinking, and were most warmly received. A joyous procession was formed, in which the cask, with students dressed as Bacchus, a Satyr and a Bacchante; the cheese with a student dressed as Ceres, and the milk-white ox with its attendants, occupied prominent places. The carriages containing the French and German deputations were unhorsed, and drawn by the willing hands of the Bolognese students to the hotel which was the head-quarters of the revelry. On Sunday the stranger students, among whom Oxford, alas, was not represented, were formally welcomed by their brethren at the university building, and were later harangued by Signor Panzacchi in the Teatro Brunetti.

In the meantime the professorial delegates were invading, the city in such force that many, who neither were quartered on private hospitality nor had taken the

precaution of securing rooms at the hotels, endured no little hardship. Hence some explosions of ill-humour and complaints of mismanagement which found an echo in the English newspapers, but for which my own experience affords no support. Engagements in England prevented me from arriving before 2.40 A.M. on Monday the 11th, but even at that inconvenient time I was welcomed at the station by members of the reception-committee, and received my billet for the Palazzo of the Marchese M., where for several days I was in enjoyment of a vast, cool, and, what is not easily found in Bologna, absolutely quiet bedroom. On my declining to knock up my entertainer at such an hour, my new friends insisted on seeing me safely installed for what remained of the night in the Hôtel Brun, where I had prudently engaged a room a fortnight beforehand. This turned out to be the rendezvous of the British and American delegates. Of my colleagues in the representation of Oxford, Mr. Spencer Stanhope and Mr. Warren-Vernon (who, being members of Christ Church, were described in the official list as *della Chiesa Cristiana*, and were supposed accordingly to be Anglican clergymen) were already established there: Mr. Addington Symmonds was prevented from coming. The representatives of other British Universities actually present at Bologna, were—for Cambridge, Professors Jebb and Middleton; for Durham, Mr. Hastings Rashdall; for London (and the Royal Society), Dr. Pole; for Victoria (Manchester), Professor Munro; for Glasgow, Professors Ramsay, Jebb, and Fergusson; for St. Andrew's, Principal Donaldson and Professor Knight; for Edinburgh, Rector Sir W. Muir and Professor Sir H. Oakley; for Dublin, Professor Haughton; for the Royal University of Ireland, President Moffett and Professors Johnston, Owen and Moffatt; for Bombay, Vice-Chancellor Sir Raymond West; for Sydney, Mr. Justice Fawcett.

The events of Monday were, at nine

o'clock, the arrival of the King and Queen with the Prince of Naples; at ten, the reception of the delegates of foreign universities by the Rector (Professor Capellini) and the syndic of the city (Commendatore Tacconi); at five, the unveiling by the King of a bronze equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel in the great piazza, in the presence of the foreign delegates, the syndics of many Italian cities, the deputations of students with their banners, and a crowd of perhaps twenty thousand people; at half-past eight, a "fiaccolata", or procession of troops and citizens with thousands of little coloured lamps in lieu of torches; at half-past nine, an illumination. At ten, the King and Queen received the foreign Professors in the old government palace. All present were charmed with the unaffected *bonhomie* of the King and with the grace and linguistic accomplishments of the beautiful Queen.

At an early hour on Tuesday, the great day of the festival, the professorial delegates began to fill the *cortile* of the University with a babel of strange tongues and kaleidoscopic effects of astounding official costumes, the delegates of each nation finding their way to the group of their compatriots which had gathered under their national flag. About nine o'clock, at a signal given according to ancient usage by blast of trumpet, there issued forth into the Via Zamboni, a truly remarkable procession, following one of guilds and students which had already started. First came the delegates of something like twenty Italian universities, preceded by bedels with silver maces. Then, in alphabetical order of countries, and in each country in alphabetical order of universities, marched the representatives of foreign learning. Last came the full teaching staff of the University of Bologna with their banner bearing the proud device *Alma Mater Studiorum*. The procession was afterwards declared to have surpassed anything ever witnessed at Bologna, not excepting the scenes at

the coronation of the Emperor Charles the Fifth by Pope Clement the Seventh. The varied costumes of the representatives of about a hundred and ten universities, as remote from one another as Moscow and Buenos Ayres, Sydney and Harvard, Aberdeen and Granada, would furnish material for a curious chapter on the survivals and development of dress. The eye rested now on the huge scarlet cloth birettas of some German Doctors of Divinity, now on the massive gold chain of a Rector, now on the yellow silk and ermine of the Sorbonne, now on the sombre robe and bright scarlet cowl of Madrid, now on the quaint court-dress of Christiania, till one ceased at last to discriminate in the whirl of purple, violet, blue and crimson. The Doctors of the several Bolognese Faculties are distinguished by a sort of broad silk sash, passing over the shoulders, white for Letters, green for Science, blue for Law, and red for Medicine. An undergraduate's cap is of one or other of these four colours according to the study in which he is engaged.

The procession slowly wound its way for perhaps three-quarters of a mile, through gaily decorated streets and applauding crowds, by the Via Rizzoli to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, where the royal party saluted its progress from a balcony of the Palazzo Municipale, then by the Via d'Azeglio to the Via Farini, and so, under a shower of oak sprigs thrown by ladies in the Palazzo Pizzardi, between the serried ranks of students who lined the Via Pavaglioni, shouting "Viva la Francia!" "l'Allemagna!" and, with peculiar fervency, as we flattered ourselves, "Viva l'Inghilterra", while they pressed forward to grasp the hands of the foreigners. From this scene of wild enthusiasm we turned into the Archiginnasio, and filed into the places reserved for us on the right of the throne. The spectacle was an imposing one. Accommodation had been found in the *cortile*, which was protected by an awning from the dazzling



sunlight, and in its surrounding galleries for about three thousand people. The old historical monuments were varied but not concealed by the flags of all the nationalities present. The dark masses of the deputations of students were relieved by the banners of the Italian universities, by the gay dresses of the ladies, by professorial robes, and by military uniforms.

The arrival of the procession was followed at a short interval by the entry of the King and Queen, with the Prince of Naples, the Court dignitaries, the Minister of Public Instruction, and the ambassadors of Germany, Spain, and Portugal. After the performance by a full orchestra, vocal and instrumental, of a hymn written for the occasion by Signor Panzacchi, and set to music by Baron Franchetti, the speeches began. First a short and business-like statement by the Rector, Capellini. Then an adequately eloquent address of twenty minutes or so by the Minister of Public Instruction, Boselli, standing correct in official gold lace on the steps of the throne. Next appeared in the tribune Professor Carducci, to deliver a historical oration which, though it lasted an hour, was followed with unflagging attention, and constantly interrupted by enthusiastic applause. It was interesting to watch the Radical poet, at one moment turning to address some respectfully audacious sentiment to the King, at the next repressing with a wave of the hand the too long continued cheers evoked by some telling reference to the torn flags of the student-volunteers of 1849, or to the accomplishment of Italian unity by the conspiring efforts of Mazzini, Victor Emanuel, and Garibaldi: "Un repubblicano monarchico, un monarca rivoluzionario, un dittatore ubbediente." "When the law schools of Rome were destroyed," he told us, "the books of the law were removed to Ravenna, and thence to this city of Bologna. Who brought them? The wind of freedom, the breath of life, which was driving on-

wards the renewed Italian race from the old seats and old traditions to new activity and more distant horizons." The orator was applauded to the echo, and warmly congratulated by the King, who afterwards sent him the grand cross of the Crown of Italy. Then, in alphabetical order of countries, the delegates advanced in groups to lay at the foot of the throne the addresses from their respective universities. A few congratulatory phrases, generally in Latin or Italian, were at the same time read on behalf of each nationality. The proceedings were brought to a conclusion about one p.m. with a Latin speech of thanks to the delegates, spoken by Professor Gandino as I have never heard Latin spoken before. Looking round him with quiet mastery of his apparently improvised chain of thought, he rolled out his mellifluous periods in what one forgot was a dead language. Applying to the foreign professors the phrase applied by ambassadors of Greece to the Roman Senate, he said: "Quos quidem viros vere principes et reges licet appellare, siquidem rerum domina est sapientia, ejusque domicilium stabile et praeceptum in Academiis est collocatum"; ending with a prayer that, especially in the interests of learning, "Bellum hoc immane et intolerandum quod pacis nomine jamdiu toti Europae immanet, tandem depellatur".

At six p.m. a dinner was given in the Borsa to nearly four hundred delegates and local notabilities. The tables were arranged down each of the four sides of the enormous hall, so that only those who were in the immediate neighbourhood of the chairman made any pretence of listening to the speeches, which were mercifully short. By nine o'clock we were all assisting at a gala performance, in the spacious and well-lit Teatro Comunale, of Wagner's opera of "Tristano e Isotta." In the meantime a thousand students were drinking toasts and exchanging fraternal embraces at a great dinner-party four miles out of town.

The event of Wednesday was the conferring of honorary degrees. It seems that to do this is not within the ordinary powers of Italian universities, the action of which is strictly controlled by the legislature. A royal decree had however been issued authorizing the several Faculties, for this occasion only, to grant degrees *ad honorem*, with strict injunctions to exercise the greatest care in selecting the recipients of the distinction. The ceremony took place at the Archiginnasio, which presented much the same appearance as on the preceding day, in the presence of the King and Queen, the ambassadors, the delegates, and the deputations of students, Italian and foreign. The degrees were given by each of the four Faculties on its separate responsibility. The procedure was as follows: The Dean of the Faculty, in his distinctive costume,<sup>1</sup> took his stand by the Rector and, after a short Latin prelude, read out the list of persons whom, by the authority confided to him, he created Doctors of the University, ending with the formula "*creo, pronuntio, prædico.*" As the names were called, if the person named was present as a delegate, which happened in about one-third of the cases, he advanced to the foot of the throne, placed the forefinger of his right hand in a great gold ring held by the Dean, with whom he shook hands, as also with the Rector, receiving from the latter a handsome diploma, with an impression of the University seal attached in a silver box. He then bowed to the King and backed as best he could from the royal presence. The loudest applause perhaps followed upon the announcement of the names of Mommsen, of Gladstone, of Pasteur, and of the great chemist Hoffmann. Then stalked into the tribune the gaunt and impressive figure of the great criminal advocate Ceneri, Professor of Roman law, whose fiery eye and emphatic delivery gave full effect to

every point in his speech. He had been commissioned by his brother professors to offer to their visitors "*l'affettuoso e fraterno saluto d'addio*", an honour which he modestly ascribed "*all' occupar quella cattedra di Diritto Romano che nei prischi tempi fu il grande titolo di gloria dello studio nostro*". Then, after reading a sympathetic telegram from the statesman-jurist Mancini, he went on to describe most eloquently the debt of the present to the past, eulogising, "*The martyrs of free inquiry against the insane pretensions of despotism and theocracy*", and ending with a wish for the future fraternity of nations, each secure within the boundaries traced for it by nature, and working together for the good of all.

Thus ended the official festivities, but the students prolonged their revelry through the rest of the day and far into the night. I did not see the cavalcade of students on donkeys, which caused vast amusement in the streets through which it passed, between seven and eight, but went later to the "*festa umoristica*" at the "*Montagnola*," near the railway-station, and a very humorous, as well as very pretty affair it was. Theatres, concert-rooms, refreshment-bars, and picture-shows surrounded an open space, festooned with an incredible number of coloured lamps, and crowded with visitors of all nationalities. The whole entertainment was provided and carried out by students, who sustained the parts and performed the duties of ballet-dancers, barmaids, café-chantant singers and actresses, as well as those more appropriate to their sex.

It must be some time before the city will recover from its academical and quasi-academical dissipations; since, besides all the doings already mentioned, one heard every day of much else that was going on: trotting-matches, shooting-matches, the inauguration of a statue of Galvani, dinners to students of this or that nationality, testimonials for Professor Carducci, for the sculptor

<sup>1</sup> Pellicioni for Letters, Ciaccio for Science, Regnoli for Law, Brugnoli for Medicine.

of the statue of Victor Emanuel, presentation to foreign students of gifts prepared for them by the ladies of Bologna, meetings of all kinds of societies, notably of a federation of students' democratic clubs, where there was some sounding talk, to the effect that the foreign professors had by their visit founded a new religion, that of a collective Messiah, whose Gospel is scientific discovery, and were likely at their next gathering to found new systems of law and morality. Nor must it be forgotten that, for those who had time to see it, there was an Exhibition, International in the department of musical instruments, National for the Fine Arts, and Provincial for Agriculture and Industry.

The Centenary was most successful. In all the essentials of a patriotic and scientific festival it was perfect. Especial mention should be made of the sumptuous editions of the oldest extant statutes of the University, recently discovered in the chapter library at Presburg, and of the oldest rolls of "Lettori", copies of which were presented to every delegate. The delegates, for their part, brought with them not only congratulatory addresses under the seals of their respective universities, but also multitudes of what would be called in Germany "Festschriften"—works of permanent value prepared by a university or an individual in honour of the occasion. Of the many handsome presents of this kind, I happen to remember a volume from Zürich, on the fifth centenary of the Bologna doctorate of Provost Hemmeli; one from Macerata, on ecclesiastical law in Lombardy and Predial Servitudes; one from Pavia, on the early documents of that University; works by Professors Fitting, Ricci and Chiappelli on the origin of the schools of

Bologna; and last, not least, a magnificent Pindaric Greek ode in praise of Bologna, by Professor Jebb of Glasgow. The addresses, often costly works of art, will be permanently exhibited in one of the rooms of the University.

English visitors could not help being struck by the absence of anything like a clerical element in the proceedings. It is of course well known that the Faculties of Theology have for some time been suppressed in the Italian universities, but it can hardly have been by accident that one so seldom caught sight of a priest, even in the streets. The ecclesiastical authorities had refused to allow the celebration to take place, in accordance with mediæval precedent, in the church of San Petronio. There can be no doubt that public opinion at Bologna is bitterly antipapal. For the rest, the general feeling is unmistakably democratic, though loyal to the reigning House, not less for the sterling and attractive qualities of its members than as a symbol of the unity of Italy. The citizens take an intelligent pride in the beauties and in the antiquity of their city, and in the University which has so long been one of its chief ornaments. The students are perhaps more interested in social and political questions than is the case with English undergraduates. They carry their frolic further into the region of burlesque than is customary in this country. Their hospitality and kindness to their foreign friends were beyond praise; and they managed to combine with the enthusiasm which befits their southern blood, a readiness, which might perhaps advantageously find imitation elsewhere, to subordinate for a time their private amusement to the progress of a public function.

T. E. HOLLAND.

## GAME PRESERVING IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE question of game preservation and sporting rights has of late years been one of increasing interest to two large classes in the older States of the Union. Sportsmen and landowners are practically one in this country, the latter, at any rate, are here the chief patrons of the chase. In America the owners of game and the men who shoot it belong (so very generally that the exceptions need not be regarded) to two distinct and almost antagonistic sections of the community—the plain farmers on the one hand, and the better class of townfolk on the other. I use the term older States advisedly, for in the thinly-peopled West, and in other sections remote from busy centres, the matter is as yet for obvious reasons one of no moment. Furthermore, the attitude taken up on this question in those regions where a necessity for some understanding has arisen, is a sure index of what is to come when the area of dispute, by virtue of advancing civilisation, extends itself over districts that have no cause now to trouble their head upon the matter.

Big game, and the hunting of big game in the West, in no way come under the heading of this paper. Such sports belong to the early stage of development. They are temporary only, and have no interest whatever as a social question, or any bearing on the future position of American sportsmen. The law may indeed prolong for a time the existence of the buffalo, and of other large game that the inevitable advance of civilisation must sooner or later extirpate; but the buffalo, the antelope, or the *Ovis Ammon* have no interest for the majority of American sportsmen, who by virtue of the present distribution of population happen to dwell in the Atlantic States. There are plenty of deer and even bears still in

the older States, but these, with exceptions into which there is neither necessity nor space to enter, frequent wildernesses that have defied, and to a great extent will always defy civilisation. Such of course are the happy hunting-grounds of great numbers of Eastern sportsmen. Some day, perhaps, great sporting monopolies may arise in the Alleghanies and the Adirondacks, and drive out the professional hunter and the holiday sportsmen that employ him; but these are mere conjectures, and have no connection with the present matter. And though it is possible that one owner of a breech-loader, perhaps, in five hundred may kill a deer during the season in the older States, the vast majority of sportsmen confine themselves entirely to the pursuit of small game, and do not expect to go out of the neighbourhood if they are in a good shooting-country, or travel more than twelve hours, say, by rail, if they are less conveniently situated. It is this class, numerically much the largest in the country, the most educated, and upon the whole the most sportsmanlike, that have been for some time now creating "a game question."

To realise the situation, however, it must above all be borne in mind that the American landowner is not himself a sportsman, or at any rate a sportsman in the higher sense of the word. Plentiful exceptions there are to this general truth, of course, but if reduced to statistics, such exceptions would appear a percentage of the farming community so insignificant as to add force only to the assertion that sport as represented by wing-shooting has no attraction for the modern American agriculturalist. The commercial and professional classes on the other hand have of late years taken to

the field in rapidly increasing numbers. The demand for shooting has entirely disarranged the old free and easy ideas, only possible when well-equipped and straight-shooting sportsmen were scarce. Farmers, who, it is hardly necessary to observe, are the freeholders of their own lands, are now thoroughly alive to the fact that they are the possessors of a commodity which is being greatly sought after by others. So far no financial solution of the question has, I believe, been thought of: things are hardly ripe for that yet. Fond of money, and much in need of it as the American farmer generally is, the idea of taking it for the right of shooting would for many reasons require a good deal of digestion before it became a thoroughly accepted one. There are isolated instances undoubtedly of this being done now, either directly or indirectly; and before long shooting is pretty certain to assume its price wherever the conditions favour such a thing. At present the tendency of the farmers to assert their privileges in this respect—a tendency which has developed enormously in the last ten years—is confined to advertising the facts that their lands are preserved, and making permission to shoot, whether easily or grudgingly given, or withheld altogether, a distinct item in the sportsman's preparation.

It is not only that the number of sportsmen has vastly increased in Eastern America during the past few years, but the composition of the whole body has undergone a great change. To explain this change we must look back, and in looking back we must regard the North and South as they once were—two sections, distinct in this as in other matters. The position of the Southern sportsman was altered by the war and the re-distribution of population that followed it: that of the Northern sportsman by the waning of a prejudice on which I shall touch presently. To begin with the South. In former days the large landowner and slaveholder was the chief patron

of the chase. He hunted foxes and shot game on his own broad acres and upon the lands of his neighbours of all classes as a matter of right and neighbourly feeling, exercised, no doubt, where such was required, with tact and discretion. The mass of smaller landowners were fond of seeing foxhounds run, and were often good rifle-shots, but were as little given to shooting on the wing as the present generation of American farmers, North and South. The supply of wing-shooting, to use a convenient American phrase, was, in fact, greater than the demand over the larger half, and that the best stocked, of old settled States. There were no outsiders or intruders looking for shooting-grounds in those days, nor had the negro and the old army-musket then appeared upon the scene as an extra incentive to the protecting instincts of landowners.

Now all is changed. The old-fashioned Southern sportsman of the days before the war has gone; his Joe Manton is rusting in some obscure cupboard; his sons and nephews, ay, and grandsons ere this, contemptuously use his battered powder-horns to load their cartridges with; the cow-horn, that called his foxhounds round him on winter mornings before the first streak of dawn had touched the sky, hangs mute upon the wall. He himself, perhaps, is dead, and a marble shaft proclaims his solid virtues to a field of rustling maize that, under the exigencies of modern times, has displaced the blue-grass sod that once matted around the family graveyard. If he still lives, however, it matters little whether he lingers on in the old homestead or is serving out his time in some distant city: he is at any rate no longer a factor in the social or sporting life of America. His descendants have not left all their homes, as some cursory observers of the South are given to asserting; but the majority have drifted townwards, and their place is taken by plainer, harder-fisted farmers who care little for sport but



have grown of late exceedingly jealous about their game. Without pausing, therefore, to note all the numerous exceptions to the rule, one may state with quite sufficient accuracy for general purposes, that the Southern sportsman nowadays, as the Northern sportsman, to distinguish him from the pot-hunter and trapper, always has done, comes from the towns.

I have dwelt on the South particularly, because the preservation of game, as a future practical question in America, there assumes the most interesting phase. I have shown in a former paper in this magazine that the Virginia quail is the only indigenous non-migratory game-bird that offers plentiful sport to those Americans who cannot afford to travel for days into Western wilds—to the mass, that is to say, of Eastern and Southern sportsmen—and the quail inhabits almost wholly that larger half of the older States which used to be, and by force of habit still is, called the South. Again, because the Southern towns, though neither very numerous nor very large, contain much of the old sporting Southern blood, and with increasing wealth are sharpening the local demand for shooting-grounds. Furthermore, though one speaks of the North and South still as distinct sections, the sporting brotherhood are nowadays becoming practically one in their interests and ideas.

The immense increase in the number of shooting-men is more marked I think in the North than in the South, where the love of sport was always conspicuous. This increase is due to several causes. The large manufacture in recent years of cheap breech-loaders is one of them: another is the great extension and cheapening of railroad facilities. A still stronger one is the increase of wealth since the war and consequently of leisure. Though it is true this leisure is still in America more given to further financial aggrandisement than it would be in this country, still the doctrine of *mens sana in corpore sano* has made

great strides with our cousins during the last few years. Every form of healthy sport and pastime has received an immense impetus, much to the improvement of the hitherto somewhat dreary routine of life. It must be remembered that in the New England States unquestionably, and to a less degree in the non-slave-holding middle States, it is not many years since a prejudice existed with regard to amusements of all kinds that to the Englishman was simply unintelligible. In the professional and commercial ranks of the North-eastern States, the old Puritanical dislike to amusement survived in a most mistrustful and doubtful attitude towards field-sports. This strange superstition is by no means dead, but its supremacy has been destroyed: society has emancipated itself from the dreary thralldom, and sensible men can nowadays afford to disregard it. Before the war—to make a fairly accurate use of a great landmark in the American calendar—the man who shot wild ducks for a pastime ran great risk of being confounded in the opinion of those who influenced his career with the individual who trotted horses or played euchre for high stakes. Sport of all kinds, even the most harmless, was more or less frowned on by commercial and professional respectability. To define the exact strength of a prejudice which was stronger in some districts than in others is not necessary, even if it were possible. It is sufficient for the purpose in hand to state that, till ten or fifteen years ago, the social attitude towards sport and sportsmen in the older Northern States was distinctly discouraging. American opinion was never famous in any section for discrimination or tolerance in social matters. Even now the provincial merchant or lawyer, when on some hot noon he experiences a legitimate yearning for a glass of lager beer, looks up and down the street several times before he ventures to make a dive into the saloon. He knows that there are several people



whose good opinion he cannot afford to lose and who are in other respects intelligent, besides a very large proportion indeed of the fair sex, who would write him down an inebriate beyond salvation if they happened to be witnesses of the crime. So in former days the New Englander of standing was very generally compelled to look up and down the street before he ventured out with his dogs and gun.

There is still an element in the country who regard every moment not spent in remunerative labour as wasted. Practically, however, Americans have emancipated themselves from the chains of narrow bigotry in such matters that bound them when comparatively poor and struggling. Sport with the rod and gun is now regarded by sensible people very much as it is with us, and the elevating associations and influences of field sports are fully recognised. A large sporting literature, unconnected with racing and gambling matters, and treating only of rural pursuits and natural history, has sprung up. In its numerous and well-edited pages alone there would be ample evidence, if such were needed, that there is plenty of enthusiasm in the country for the attractions of field, forest, and river.

Before touching on the present and future relations of sportsmen and landowners it will be well to take a brief survey of the distribution of game in the Atlantic States. This can only be done here upon broad and general lines. To go into details and to take note of exceptions would not merely be impossible, but quite unnecessary for present purposes.

The deer is ubiquitous, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. Wherever men are few, the deer abounds in greater or less numbers. The conditions of his existence, however, and of his pursuit, place this branch of sport outside the question of private game preservation. The laws as to close seasons have of late years been much more rigidly enforced; but

such friction as there is with regard to shooting-rights lies in the antagonism exhibited in the very wild districts between the professional hunters and the amateur sportsmen who come in with packs of hounds.

Wild-fowl shooting, though common to all latitudes, is in a very limited sense a question of land or trespass. Everything that can be done, however, by State laws and private monopoly to protect and reserve the great "ducking-grounds" along the sea-coast and tidal rivers, has been done. Wealthy clubs and hotels have succeeded in getting the cream of the shooting more or less under their control. At the head of the Chesapeake, for instance, a licence of sixty pounds a year was, and, I presume, still is, required by the State law for the right of putting out a sink-box and decoys in the bay three times a week during the season. Upon a part of the coast of North Carolina, famous for wild-fowling, no one is allowed by law to shoot ducks in the particular way there most conducive to success, without being actually a freeholder of land in the neighbourhood.

It is to the winged game of the cultivated lands that the larger proportion of sportsmen turn their attention. Here the North and the South, taking the old political line between Pennsylvania and Maryland as quite accurate enough for present purposes, materially differ.

The snipe and the woodcock, as birds of passage, visit in due season their respective haunts, regardless of latitude; their sojourn is brief, their numbers, judged by let us say an Irish standard, are, with a few marked exceptions, trifling. The wild turkey is indigenous to the whole country. In the North it is very scarce and only found at all in wild spots, but from Pennsylvania southwards this grand bird is everywhere. It seldom, however, comes out of the woodlands, and the whole science of its pursuit consists of stalking rather than shooting. So it cannot on the whole be

classed as offering great inducements to the stranger sportsman, who wishes to make his time, as it is probably short, at least a merry one. Quail, ruffed grouse, and rabbits remain; of the last there are two sorts, though both are really hares—a large long-legged brute that lives mostly in wooded swamps and belongs to the North, and a smaller, more edible animal that is found mostly in the South. The latter is far more numerous, lives generally in open fields, and is to the sportsman what the hare is in England. I might add that he is the original of the famous "Brer Rabbit" of Uncle Remus. The ruffed grouse, colloquially called pheasant in the South and partridge in the North, is a fine bird. Though it is indigenous to almost the whole area in question, it is thick enough scarcely anywhere to offer great inducements to the sportsman. It is distinctly a woodland bird, shy as well as scarce, and is greatly addicted to tree-tops when flushed. It is found in the greatest numbers, of course, in the backwoods and in wild mountain chains, but is at the same time quite compatible with the oldest settlements and the highest civilisation so long as there is a fair abundance of timber. Just, however, as the bad habits and the comparative scarcity of the ruffed grouse prevent its being ranked for a moment with the quail or the wild duck on the American game-list, so its exclusively woodland habits prevent its being in the eyes of the farmer such an obvious subject for protection as the former.

The quail alone remains, but the position of the quail makes it of pre-eminent importance above all other birds in considering the prospects of American sport. Though I have spoken of it and with accuracy as a Southern bird, it is found in numbers sufficient for moderate sport in several districts from Pennsylvania to Connecticut. Upon farms north of Maryland game is exceedingly scarce, still, this sprinkling of quail here and there,

with a thin distribution of ruffed grouse and rabbits, and of the migratory game-birds in their season, is sufficient in many places to arouse the jealousy of the farmers as to trespass. For several years there has been a great deal of friction in this respect. But though locally interesting, and interesting, too, as a social question, it is hardly to the scanty preserves of Pennsylvania or Connecticut, that the Eastern sportsman of moderate or still more ample means looks, or will in the future look. With the northern boundary of Maryland the quail-grounds of the Atlantic States may be said to begin in real earnest. If any one will take a map of the United States they will see that this boundary embraces some, including the capital, and approaches comparatively near to, all the greater seats of wealth and population in older America. Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Tennessee, without going West or South, make an immense available shooting-ground for the local sportsman and those of the Atlantic cities. With an average existence of nearly two centuries, these great and long-settled districts are still to-day well stocked with what I have ventured to call the finest game-bird in the world. Nor is there any reason why they should not remain so for all time.

Local sportsmen have hitherto had this fine field pretty much to themselves. Of late years, however, the Northerners have begun to realise that in a few hours and at slight expense they can be on the best of shooting grounds, and are beginning sensibly to swell the local ranks. With anything like care there is not merely room for all those that now take the field, but for ten times their number, in those accessible States alone that I have mentioned. It is becoming quite evident that the future of the chief domestic game-bird of America may be safely left in the hands of the farmers.

To any one who remembers the free

and easy ideas as to shooting prevalent ten or fifteen years ago, when, generally speaking, even to ask permission was an act of courtesy, the difference of late years is very striking. Land close to towns was always, more or less and after a fashion, preserved, but that mattered little. Nowadays whole neighbourhoods remote from city and railroad, where the perfect stranger a few years ago might have roamed with dogs and gun unquestioned, are often banded together in a kind of game-preserving federation impregnable to the stranger, and exceedingly inconvenient even for the well known and popular resident. The whole rural air is impregnated with what may fairly be called a novel sensation of proprietorship in game. There are still, it is true, immense districts very little affected as yet by it, where friction is hardly yet possible. There are at the same time large areas where the extent of shooting and amount of game is far greater than any possible demand could for the present require, in which the farmers seem to have anticipated future probabilities and ostentatiously proclaimed their lands as sacred. Even popular landowners who are sportsmen, and who a few years since would have shot over the whole country as a matter of neighbourly right, have now to be most circumspect and diplomatic, and find a good deal of land locked up even from them. The odd part of all this is that the farmer has no idea of shooting his birds himself, nor, as a general thing, of reserving them for immediate friends or relatives. It is simply an assertion of a right, badly needed in some parts, very reasonable in others, ridiculous here and there—a good sign, however, for the future of American sport. There is no tenant-class in America to intrude between landowner and sportsman, and irritate both; and the question of preserving game is now in an interesting stage of transition, and will no doubt terminate before long in financial agreements satisfactory to all parties.

Social jealousy between town and country have, no doubt, added immensely to the game-preserving movement that has so very widely taken hold of American farmers of late years. I have already shown that the mass of sportsmen nowadays come from the towns and villages. Every one familiar with rural America is also familiar with that peculiar want of sympathy, amounting almost to dislike that, speaking broadly, the farmer and the city-man have for one another. The term "countryman" in the mouth of the latter expresses a good deal of supercilious patronage. The agriculturist fully retaliates by the tone of voice in which he alludes to "them city fellahs." The townsman of the higher class is better dressed, better educated, wealthier probably, and better born than Farmer Homespun, substantial and respectable though the latter may be. No amount of republicanism will prevent two such different specimens from moving in two widely separate social spheres, that know practically very little about one another. The countryman knows all this of course: it certainly does not keep him awake at nights, but still there is a feeling of soreness lurking deep down in the rural breast at a social difference that is inevitable. Pride, in a country of political equality and without pronounced distinctions of class, would prevent much open expression being given to such slight and unavoidable grievances. Still, the gap that exists between the class in the towns from which sportsmen are mostly drawn and that over whose lands they mostly shoot, is quite wide enough to have a very great influence in the question of shooting-rights, and it is certainly responsible for a good deal of the game-preservation movement.

There are other and more substantial grounds, too, on which the farmer looks askance on the townsfolk. He is given to regarding the population of towns as a combination of "rings" with the sole object of robbing him of his just profits. It is true he is in a defence-

less position, and is sometimes badly robbed by middlemen, but on this subject he is almost always unreasonable and illogical. He is prone to take the standard of agricultural labour as the standard of all labour, to miscalculate the reward due to brain-work, to ignore the expense of a high education; to regard the very moderate legal fees of provincial America, for instance, as extortionate, and to complain because a judge or a physician makes more than the two dollars a day earned by the bricklayer or the harvest-hand.

Leaving for a moment the question of private ownership and its attitude with regard to game, and turning towards the State laws as to close seasons, an immense stride has been made during the last decade. In Maryland or Virginia, for example, no respectable sportsman would now dream of shooting before the lawful commencement of the season, and if he did he would in all probability get himself into trouble. A dozen years ago few people paid any attention to such dates, while the masses knew nothing at all about them. The netting of quail, too, which in former days was quite a recognised pastime, has been completely stamped out. The illiterate turkey-hunter of the Alleghany spurs would ten or fifteen years ago have resented the bare idea of his comings and goings being anybody's business but his own. He knows much better now. Even if, presuming on the isolation of his log-cabin, he steals out with his old Kentucky rifle after a "gobbler" in August, he takes pains to impress on any neighbours he comes across that he is "jes' squ'r'l hunt'n."

It speaks well for the law-abiding qualities and the good sense of the American people that all this has been accomplished with scarcely any legal precaution, without violence, and with a minimum of real ill-feeling. Respect for public opinion, or rather for local opinion, is very strong in the rural districts of all sections. Once let the idea take root that game should not be killed in close seasons, and let people recognise that the old backwoods liberty of action in the chase is no longer feasible, the laws will be generally respected without a particle of physical pressure. Nor does the preserver of game require any assistance at present other than the form, which varies according to districts, of declaring his lands closed to the sporting public. The reluctance to outrage the rights of property in any way is very strong where public opinion is the opinion of a landowning yeomanry.

Associations have been formed from time to time for the destruction of vermin, which in the quail-countries creates far more havoc among the game than the gun does. The funds collected by annual subscriptions are devoted to the payment by the head for all vermin destroyed in their district. Hawks, with which the whole country swarms, are more particularly marked out for destruction. What work such associations are doing at this moment I am in no position to say; but from personal experience I should be inclined to think that, admirable as their intention is, the results, for many reasons into which there is no space to enter, will be for a long time imperceptible.

A. G. BRADLEY.

## THE GLORIFIED SPINSTER.

THE student of social phenomena who considers that the modification of human beings by their environment follows the same general laws, and is, at least, as interesting and important as the evolution of inferior organisms by the same method, and who, believing that observation is the true parent of knowledge in both spheres, has furthermore kept his ears and eyes open, will not have failed to notice the appearance of a new variety of the class *Homo* within the last two decades.

This variety, as commonly happens among naturalists when similar discoveries are made, has given rise to a dispute concerning its claim to the dignity of being deemed a new species; and philosophers have answered this question in accordance with the natural bent of their several minds. Those who lay stress on external characteristics deny the claim; on the other hand, those who adhere to more modern methods and are inclined to doubt the necessary identity of the essential with the external, are disposed to make an addition to those divisions of mankind which have been hitherto recognised.

It may be granted that the careless observer will not at once be able to distinguish the individuals who form the subject of this paper from the class Spinster, from which they have been evolved. If he content himself with noting only the "morphology" of the specimen under notice, he will behold nothing but a plainly-dressed woman, clad in an ulster and unmistakably home-made hat or bonnet; but if he note her self-reliant bearing, her air of having some definite business to perform in a definite time, her general aspect of being ready to meet all emergencies, he will begin to see

he has here something differing considerably from the ordinary female. Other characteristic marks are her agility in gaining the tops of omnibuses, her power of entering a tram-car without stopping the horses, her cool self-possession in a crowd, her utter indifference to weather, and, it must be added, an undoubted disposition to exact her rights to the uttermost farthing. If he should chance to overhear her conversation with a boon companion he would be still more enlightened, and perhaps dismayed. For the sisterhood hold strong opinions which, however, they are very cautious not to promulgate to the vulgar. Dependent for subsistence on the patronage of middle-class Philistines they are too wise to shock their prejudices needlessly, but atone for this reticence in public by the boldness of their private speculations. Some are theoretically Socialists who would limit the population by forcible means; others are thorough-going Democrats who would hail a revolution as the quickest and best solution of existing difficulties; others, Dames of the Primrose League. Varied as are their nostrums, they agree in ardently desiring the public good, and would make considerable sacrifices to attain that object. Their courage in following out the premises they severally accept is striking. It is not uncommon to hear them discuss such propositions as the lawfulness of suicide, the advantages of a State-regulated infanticide, the possibility of compelling incurable invalids or useless individuals to undergo euthanasia after a certain time, or the merits of a general redistribution of property.

One of them explained this trait by saying that while other people were hampered by the necessity of making



their theories coincide with personal or family interests, they themselves, having given no hostages to fortune, were exempt from the temptation to shirk facts and conclusions which logically lead to the re-organization of the social structure. The speaker added that, since they have at present little power for good or evil, they indulge in such academic discussions rather as an intellectual pleasure than with any strong wish to see such measures actually tried, and that personally they were always remarkably law-abiding and orderly citizens. Like meteors, they wander free in inter-familiar space, obeying laws and conventions of their own, and entering other systems only as strange and rare visitants. Widely read and often highly cultured, their circumstances prevent them from associating with the learned classes, who in England are always wealthy, while their tastes and habits forbid them finding enjoyment in ordinary middle-class female society.

By careful investigation we find that the main forces which have brought about the evolution of this variety of *Femina* have been, in the first place, the present contraction of means among the professional classes without their standard of comfort being correspondingly lowered, which has driven the sisters and daughters to seek remunerative employment; the same cause has operated powerfully in checking the marriage-rate, and thus leaving more women unprovided for. Secondly, the democratic spirit of the age, which is unfavourable to satisfied acquiescence in a position of dependence and subjection. Thirdly, the general spread of education, which has enabled many women to find happiness in intellectual pleasures and to care comparatively little about social environment.

As concerns the all-important question of money, it may be stated that the Glorified Spinster is invariably poor, her income varying from eighty to one hundred pounds. If it approach

the latter sum she is quite sure to disburse a considerable amount yearly for the benefit of her relatives; for, in spite of the apparent selfishness of her mode of life, she readily acknowledges the claims of family, and, if the truth must be told, her male connections show themselves very willing to shift the burden of providing for the ineffective members of the family to her willing shoulders.

But in spite of the smallness of her resources, she manages to see every good piece at the theatres, to attend a dozen good concerts during the season, to visit the chief picture-exhibitions, and in addition to experience something of foreign travel. She shows herself a financial genius in extracting the greatest possible amount of pleasure out of every shilling. She patronizes the galleries of the Albert and St. James's Halls, and the pits at the playhouses, where, be it confessed, she is sometimes unreasonable enough to resent being subjected to the scrimmage which ensues at such places. A man with her income would be wretched, but as she spends no money on beer, tobacco, or bets, she manages to exist in tolerable comfort.

She economises, too, in her lodgings. A visit to the den of one of the sisterhood reveals a small room, twelve feet by fourteen, in a quiet street in Kensington, for which its occupant pays six shillings a week. In one corner stands a small wooden bed covered with gay chintz, an idea evidently adopted from Newnham College; before the window is a large tin trunk, the battered sides and numerous labels of which attest it has been a wanderer in its time; this also has a chintz cover, not over clean, be it noted. Next, comes a cheap imitation of an old-fashioned bureau which is meant to conceal the necessaries of the toilet; but, alas! the spring is broken, and the Irish expedient of inserting a small wedge of paper has been, perforce, adopted. Over the mantelpiece are well-filled bookshelves, in which may be noted Mill's *Logic*, two volumes of Mr.



Browning's poems, one of Walt Whitman's, Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology", and several French and German novels. The Spinster is an omnivorous reader, and would sooner forego her breakfast than her newspaper. A small cupboard fills the recess which contains her wardrobe—"two frocks and a rag," as the proprietress observes. But in the bottom of a common painted chest of drawers, carefully folded in sheets of tissue paper, reposes her one "dress", usually a handsome garment of satin or velvet, which is so ingeniously contrived as to be capable of serving for an evening robe, by the removal of certain portions of the bodice. In this she appears when she revisits the upper air, at her brother's, the doctor's, dinners, or her married sister's Christmas parties; it likewise forms her Sunday gown when she runs down to the old rectory home for a short holiday. The other drawers are a confused mass of reels, pens, handkerchiefs, linen, papers—tidiness in small matters being the first virtue to disappear in a Bohemian life. A hammock-chair, one of the common bedroom pattern, and a small table, complete the furniture. On the walls are a few good photographs and prints, her own property, but the room is otherwise without any attempt at ornament. My friend explains that, as one must not expect much dusting for six shillings a week, the fewer nicknacks one has, the better. A person very fastidious as to cleanliness would have to pay at least double rent, which would mean an entire renunciation of all amusements and pleasure. She herself prefers roughing it a little, and by keeping a couple of private dusters, avoids being absolutely choked, and her daily bath keeps her in health. This is an all-important matter. Illness is the unpardonable sin among the sisterhood; it is looked upon as a sign of culpable weakness, and as disqualifying the sufferer for aught but matrimony. "A little extra sickness then does not matter," they declare.

They obtain the wherewithal to keep up their modest establishments by acting as teachers, nurses, accountants, clerks, librarians, heads of certain business-departments, and so forth. Their great grievance is that their pay is always much lower than what would be given to men for the same work; but they recognise that at present their only chance of employment is to undersell the other sex in the labour-market.

My own acquaintance was kind enough to describe her working-day. She said: "I rise at half-past seven and have breakfast, which I eat standing, brought to me on a tray, and then walk a mile and a half to my business. I choose to live at this distance because I consider the daily walk essential for health, and again, as an unappreciative public only bestows a poor eighty pounds a year on me, I must economise, and so prefer not being exposed to the chance visits of casual acquaintances. One does not mind receiving *friends*, of course, and many an absorbing conversation do we hold concerning all things in heaven and earth, while toasting our toes at the shabby little bedroom grate; but these friends are of old standing, and not to be influenced by one's surroundings. We have several times tried to form clubs, which would be an inestimable boon; but as long as most of us are practical teetotallers, and consider that a shilling a day must provide for food, clubs, I fear, will always prove financial failures.

"To go on with my day: I begin work at nine o'clock and leave off at half-past six. We have half an hour's interval at one o'clock, when the richer ones among us pay ninepence for a substantial meal; we indigent creatures get a small plate of meat with potatoes and cabbage for sixpence. On my way home in the evening, I usually stop at a workman's café, and buy, for tea, two ounces of capital collared head, brawn, pressed tongue, or salt beef for a couple of pence; sometimes I indulge in eggs or fish. As soon as I reach my

lodgings, I divest myself of my frock, and don either the 'rag' before mentioned or my dressing-gown, prop myself up with pillows on my bed, which thus serves for a couch, have tea brought to my side on a small table, and prepare to enjoy both it and my papers. This is my principal meal, and is often prolonged for over an hour, most of my light reading being done at this time. Towards half-past eight I have to rouse myself and resume work, if I wish to keep Saturday pretty free; but on one or two evenings of the week this is not necessary, and so I have an opportunity of occasionally attending a concert or lecture. You ask if I never crave for companionship in my leisure hours. Candidly I do not. After all we are, as yet, but a small class, and congenial spirits are rather hard to meet with, as they are scattered all over London. You must not for one moment imagine that anything like half of the women at present earning their own living belong to our denomination. All those must be eliminated who are looking forward to marriage as their ultimate destiny, those who are living with their own relations, and again, all who are properly classified as Old Maids, that is to say, women who feel themselves cruelly deprived of their natural sphere of work and happiness, and becoming soured, lack strength and spontaneity to make a full and satisfactory life for themselves. An Old Maid is a woman *minus* something; the Glorified Spinster is a woman *plus* something, as was lately well remarked in a public print. This being so, we do not care for ordinary female society, and one of our grievances is that custom in this country prevents us from mixing freely with men on whose moral and intellectual level we more nearly are. We should be ticketed Not in the marriage market, and then be allowed perfect freedom in choosing our friends. This would be of mutual advantage. We are rather inclined to believe our *dicta* infallible in matters of art, literature, and politics, and

outside criticism would do us good, and check our private tendency to self-assurance; while, on the other hand, we should act as a most salutary and much-needed stimulus to the ordinary British Philistine. Some of us, of course, have succeeded in making and keeping male friends, but custom and social prejudice are against it."

It was delicately hinted to my informant that, were her suggestion carried out, certain difficulties might arise, and the Spinster fall from her high estate to become a mere household-drudge and a suckler of infants! This she declared utterly improbable, and proceeded to give her reasons. Without entirely endorsing Mrs. Poyser's biting remark that "a man likes to make sure of one fool as 'ull think he's wise," she thought there was a certain truth in it. A man marries to enjoy the pleasures of protecting and caring for some one less able than himself, and rightly feels that in so doing he is developing the best side of his nature. His instinct teaches him to crave in his spouse those qualities of gentleness and softness in which he is himself deficient, and most men have no other conception of unselfishness than in providing for their own house. He would soon discover that the Spinster is not the complementary nature he needs, though he may acknowledge her to be "a good fellow", and be fond of meeting her socially, unless perchance his vanity is hurt by finding a woman as well educated and as intelligent as himself. Secondly, the Spinster has tasted the sweets of liberty and independence, and would be very loth to relinquish them; in perfect good faith she considers marriage as a last resort for those who lack sufficient strength of mind or body to maintain their footing in the world alone. Again, she is still sufficient of a woman to require something of a hero in a husband, and her critical faculty is usually so abnormally developed that the power of idealising human beings has gone from her, and consequently falling in love is almost

impossible. But she is no misanthropist, and prides herself on her capacity for lasting friendships and her affection for animals and children.

So far we have dwelt on the side of her lot which most strikes an observer who has been accustomed to consider women as necessarily connected with family life, and incapable by nature of finding happiness alone. Our Spinster has good health, good spirits, few worries, few restraints, and a keen appetite for amusement, which she has special facilities for gratifying. But being human, she has of course her share in the common lot of trouble and sorrow. Old age is her nightmare. Her small income makes it impossible to lay up any provision, and her value in the labour-market rapidly declines after the age of thirty-five or forty. Some of her sisters talk openly of seeking a euthanasia when their powers of self-support fail; others regard the Peabody buildings as a possible refuge; the greater part refuse to look forward at all. The present at least belongs to them, and they feel that to make the most of the present is the only true wisdom when the future holds out no pleasing prospects.

In the next place, although her training and education have more or less approximated to that of her brothers, still the Spinster cannot rid herself of the nervous frame and general sensitiveness bequeathed to her by her mother, which often causes her to feel monotonous daily toil a greater burden than she can readily bear. She lacks the hereditary aptitude for prolonged steady exertion which men have acquired through centuries of training, and so becomes exhausted by a day's work in a way which is absolutely unknown to them. Then she has not yet learnt a man's sublime indifference to the petty whims, tempers and "nastinesses" of "the Governor", meaning her own especial "powers that be". If not in danger of being dismissed, most young men care next to nothing for hard words and unreasonable fault-finding, but to her they are real tor-

ture. It may seem a strange assertion, but her most crying need is in some way to counterbalance this thin-skinnedness.

Thirdly, as a rule, she has strong religious or humanitarian feelings, and in proportion as these incline towards Christianity, she is conscious of a conviction, which often amounts to downright suffering, that her mode of life is essentially selfish, and therefore stands condemned. Nevertheless, she finds no way of escape. She has been formed and located by circumstances beyond her control, and is hardly responsible for either her special virtues or vices; but she more than suspects that she is in danger of serious moral deterioration, and that the want of a field wherein to exercise them threatens some of her noblest powers with extinction.

Take her for all in all, the Glorified Spinster is a most curious product of our civilization. Uniting some of the characteristics of both sexes, she differs from each in essential points. She is, above all, an eager recipient of new ideas, and has little respect for the failings of past generations. This is the peculiarity which most distinguishes her from men. To her, it is inconceivable how these allow universally acknowledged evils, which they confess must be ultimately removed, to go on year after year in apparent indifference to the inevitable crop of misery and crime. She instances the present system of dealing with pauper children, the prolonged abuses of the London vestries, the misappropriation of endowments, and the land laws. She declares, and supports by historical illustration, that it takes the male mind at least a generation before it can act on a newly established premise—not on account of any doubt as to its truth, but from an instinctive conservative desire to defer the day of change as long as possible; perhaps also from an intellectual difficulty in following out a new line of thought. Her own instinct drives her to make action follow close on conviction. Undoubtedly she is

often too hasty in selecting her remedies, and would frequently do more harm than good; this necessarily follows from her want of practical experience and from an incapacity to recognize the difficulties of change in a highly organised society; but, right or wrong, she at least tries to combat the evil she perceives.

In spite of her training, moral and intellectual, she has naturally a strong feminine side, and the chief question about her is, whether this will be finally forced under the surface by the severe struggle of life in these days of competition.

It was pointed out in a very able article in one of the quarterly reviews last spring that the special virtues as well as the special vices of women had been produced by their race-history. The circumstances of her life have done much to deliver our Spinster from some of the latter—want of courage and straightforwardness, narrowness, vacillation, stupidity; it will be a grievous loss to both the community and herself if the former also are allowed to disappear. As the reviewer remarked, the peculiar womanly virtues—power of self-sacrifice, warm sympathies, compassion, patient endurance—represent an untold amount of suffering on the part of the weaker sex in past ages. It is to the world's interest that the fruit of such suffering be not lost. Into the characteristic vices of Old Maids our Glorified Spinster will not fall. Her contentment, on the whole, with her lot, her unfeigned thankfulness in escaping some of the trials incident to married life, her marvellous faculty of extracting happiness in apparently most unpropitious circumstances, the prolongation of youthful looks and sensations until middle age, will preserve

her from the "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" supposed to belong of right to a woman in the unmarried state; but she may become self-absorbed, self-centred, incapable of high enthusiasms, unless some way is found of giving her a recognized place in the social and political scheme. That State is most prosperous which avails itself of the proper capacities of each class of its citizens and employs them for the general good; and the class treated of in this paper—destined in the near future to become numerically very large—has certain very special powers and capacities. They can neither fill the place nor do the work of *Hausvater* or *Hausmutter*: they can neither accumulate capital nor greatly add to the wealth of the country; but the philanthropist and the statesman should find among them potent and ready instruments for the battle against ignorance, vice, and crime. They who possess by inheritance woman's passionate pity for suffering and power of self-abnegation, while hard necessity has, perforce, taught them something of self-control, coolness of judgment, and the adaptation of means to ends, should be the knight-errants of forlorn hopes, the unflinching champions of the miserable, the sworn foes of all abuses. They should find their happiness in expending for the public advantage those powers for good which in other women find their natural and right use in the family circle; and he who can discover a method to bring up these recruits to the aid of those who are already desperately struggling with the evils which threaten to overwhelm our civilization will perhaps do as much for the commonwealth as the inventor of a new torpedo or the originator of a new party-ry.

## THE INDIAN NATIVE PRESS.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM, in his "History of Persia," makes mention of the appalling latitude of speech enjoyed by the common people. Strangers, he tells us, would be amazed to hear the meanest fellow aiming imprecations at his betters, sometimes even at the king himself. The most outrageous freedom seemed to pass unheeded; "never receiving consequence," Sir John shrewdly observes, "from the unwise interference of power." A small trader (a greengrocer, we should call him) came one day to the Governor of Ispahan, vowing he was unable to pay a new tax that had been imposed on the city. "You must pay it," was the Governor's curt reply, "or leave Ispahan. Go to Shiraz or Kashan, if you like those towns better." "What relief can I expect at either place," asked the seller of vegetables, "when your brother is master at Shiraz and your nephew at Kashan?" "You may go to the Court," said the forbearing Governor, "and complain to the Shah, if I have done injustice." "Your other brother is prime minister at Court," the tax-payer protested. "Then go to hell!" the Governor exclaimed, "and vex me no more." "That holy man your deceased father may be there," was the audacious rejoinder; and it provoked nothing worse than the smiles of those present and a promise from the Governor that he would inquire into the man's grievance. An incident of this kind is natural enough in a Mohammedan country like Persia. Islam teaches that in the sight of God all men are equal. It is possible for any one to rise from the lowest estate to the very highest. Free speaking, even when it verges on contumely, provokes on the one hand less indignation in the breast of him who may be abased to-morrow,

while it seems the prerogative of the lowly who only wait for destiny to elevate them. Intellect, not wealth nor rank, entitles a man to speak his mind. A Nawab and a porter talk on equal terms. Hindoo society is not quite so easy-going. The laws of Manu prescribe fearful punishments for the man who calumniates a Brahmin; and the restraints of caste have always tended to keep the members of one order from speaking ill of those of another. Caste, indeed, has checked freedom of every kind, both freedom of action and freedom of speech outside narrow bounds. Within those bounds speech is remarkably free; and throughout Eastern countries in general, extreme hyperbole of praise appears to be counterbalanced, in accordance with a natural law of compensation, by an equally wonderful hyperbole of obloquy and vituperation. It must be said, however, that left to themselves Asiatics would never take either ornament of speech much to heart.

The phenomenon which struck Sir John Malcolm in Persia appears in India in a somewhat different shape. The stranger is confronted with the spectacle of a national Press devoting a large share of its energy to reprobating the measures of Government and to traducing the character of individuals. Were India a purely Asiatic state, the liberties taken by the Press would either (like the popular drama of Persia) be regarded with composure, or would be kept in check from time to time by purely Oriental methods,—by private retaliation or by summary extinction at the hands of some despotic ruler less imperturbable and long-suffering than the Governor of Ispahan. But while such methods are repugnant to English notions, we

have done much to stimulate the feeling that reputation, public or private, is a form of property and that to attack it is a reprehensible offence. It has therefore become a question whether the freedom of the Indian Press is not a danger to the State. Before attempting to find any answer, it may be as well to give some account of the present condition of the native Press, or rather of that portion of it which uses the vernaculars of the country.

Some few years ago an admirable account of the native Press of India was given by Sir George Birdwood in a lecture read before the Society of Arts. Besides explaining its general condition, Sir George minutely analysed the statistics of publication and circulation. His figures would require but slight modification to bring them up to date; but for the present purpose, perhaps, a few rougher estimates may suffice. The total number of vernacular newspapers published in India is under three hundred and fifty. Of these there are one hundred and seventy with a circulation of less than three hundred. About one hundred have a circulation of from three hundred to seven hundred copies. Fifty or so have a circulation of between seven hundred and one thousand; while twenty-seven rejoice in a circulation of over one thousand. These figures are only approximately correct, since the reports on which they are based are not always drawn up in the same form; and not much trouble is taken by the various offices to distinguish newspapers from magazines and other periodical literature. However, it is easy to give a more precise account of the native Press in the different provinces of the Indian empire. It is in the Presidency of Bengal that the vernacular Press flourishes with the most abundant luxuriance. Here there are fifty-nine vernacular newspapers. Over twenty of them are published in Calcutta, and the attitude these maintain towards the leading questions of the day is

closely imitated by their provincial contemporaries, and also to a great extent by the native Press of Upper India. Of the Calcutta papers, one (the weekly "Bangabasi") is said to have a circulation of twenty thousand; of seven others the circulation ranges from one thousand to five thousand; the remainder have a circulation of under one thousand. The general tone of the Bengal vernacular Press, says a report just published, is but little changed; and as no further details are given we must go back to the report of a year ago. "The tone of the Calcutta Press," we are there told,

"is generally antagonistic to both the legislative and the administrative action of Government, and this in writing which cannot be described as coming within the limits of temperate and reasonable discussion. Beyond this there is too often the exhibition of a spirit of rancorous hostility to the European community displayed with the deliberate intention of keeping alive differences between Europeans and natives. . . . There is little doubt that the editors of, and writers in, these newspapers are generally disappointed placemen or school-boys, many of whom are brought up and taught in schools by men who inculcate that a spirit of insubordination is a sign of proper independence. But perhaps the most mischievous influence which native papers now exercise is the terrorism they exert on native officials, deterring them from the effective discharge of their duties."

In the Bombay Presidency there are sixteen vernacular papers with circulations ranging from one thousand to four thousand four hundred, and about one hundred more with a circulation of under one thousand, of which about fifty do not circulate more than three hundred copies. The stock grievances of the Bombay native Press are described as the existence of an established Christian Church in India, the Arms Act, and the alleged rapacity of Government servants when on tour. The latest official report, which refers as usual to a twelvemonth that expired more than a year ago, tells us that by the vernacular Press generally the war in Upper Burma was disapproved of, the imposition of a salt-tax was deprecated and preference given to a revival of



the cotton-duties, the enrolment of native volunteers was insisted on, the idea of appointing a parliamentary Commission to inquire into Indian administration was warmly applauded, and much admiration was displayed for the Home-Rule policy of Mr. Gladstone. Concerning the native Press of Madras, I could give little more than indigestible statistics which are hardly worth exhuming from the official reports in which they are smothered. Of the native Press of Upper India, comprising the North-West Provinces and the Punjab, I can speak from personal experience, and shall record what I know later on.

The peculiar stridency of the native Press of India is in marked contrast to the simple mechanism of this organ of public opinion. Like the cicada, a native newspaper makes a noise out of all proportion to its size and consequence. A year or two ago, while trying a case of defamation, the district judge of Lahore, Mr. E. W. Parker, described in his judgment the manner in which a native newspaper can be started and worked. Little or no capital is needed. "A few rupees will purchase the necessary lithographic apparatus; and the services of a small establishment, comprising a writer, a copyist, and a press-man, complete the arrangements." Almost without exception, vernacular newspapers are lithographed, movable type being for the most part unsuited for the presentation of Oriental characters. A lithographic press will cost under fifteen pounds complete. The editor, in whose name the paper is usually registered, may be a smart lad fresh from school on a monthly salary of one pound; and there are few editors who would not gladly abandon journalism for a government-post worth fifty pounds a year. News is mostly obtained by the simple and uncostly process of translation from the English daily papers, the latest story from the bazaar being thrown in occasionally by way of sensation. A native

paper, as we have seen, rarely sells more than a few hundred copies; and the working expenses for a circulation of three hundred need not be more than four pounds a month everything included, from printer's ink to the editor's salary. The price of a single copy of the paper ranges from a farthing to a penny, or thereabouts. Wealthy subscribers are expected to pay a higher rate for the paper than the poor. Strange devices are adopted in order to obtain an additional income in the shape of subsidies and grants in aid. As likely as not, the paper is the mouth-piece of a society or of some private patron with a cause to agitate or an enemy to defame. By many editors black-mail is levied without scruple from native officials and others who would stand well in the eyes of the public and in the estimation of the authorities, from all who are afraid of having their family secrets proclaimed from the house-tops, or who wish their good deeds noised abroad. "Fulsome flattery," says Mr. Parker, "on the one hand, and aspersion on the character of individuals on the other, are sure to make the enterprise successful." The main point to be noticed is that people who are vilified are without any easily applied remedy. To seek for compensation in a civil court is usually a hopeless endeavour, and a criminal prosecution costs money. "The result is that the person defamed must either submit or ingratiate himself with the editor . . . The difficulty and expense of a prosecution and the uselessness of a civil remedy for compensation enable the editor of a native journal to put almost what he likes into his paper with impunity." The libelled man, in fact, is practically without protection. The editor is a person of no substance; and if threatened with proceedings, civil or criminal, he is exceedingly likely to vanish into space. It need not be supposed that this sweeping condemnation applies to all the native papers alike. Some of them are admirably conducted, the "Oudh-i-Akhbar" of Lucknow, for example, and others

might be named, but there are very few indeed of any consequence which are blameless in their behaviour.

We have seen that the difficulties connected with the native Press come under two heads. In the first place, either through malice or through ignorance, native newspapers are too apt to speak evil of the Government; while secondly there seems to be no limit to the violence of their attacks on private persons. We may take the political acrimony first. So long as the equanimity of Government was plainly undisturbed by vituperation, possibly not much harm was done; the Press may have acted to a certain extent as a useful safety-valve. But the native papers have seen for some time past that the sound of their clamouring does not fall on deaf ears, and that their strong language is permitted, not because it is a matter of indifference to the rulers of the country, but because, after one or two vain endeavours, Government does not quite know how to deal with what it plainly regards as a nuisance. The Government is credited with a willingness to wound and a fear to strike; and this is bound to have a bad effect. Lord Dufferin recently described the native Press as it might be and as we should wish it to be. Addressing himself to native journalists, His Excellency said: "When England gave you a free Press, she intended that it should become an instrument for the guidance and enlightenment of the Government and for the protection of the people. . . . Nor will any Viceroy or Government complain, no matter how severely you criticize what they have said, written or done, provided there is that ring of sincerity and conviction in your utterances which none can mistake." Lord Dufferin was speaking to the native Press generally and not merely to the vernacular section of it; but his remarks apply with greatest force to the latter. And it must be confessed that as a rule the tone of the vernacular Press is the direct opposite of what Lord Dufferin would wish it to be.

The ring of sincerity and conviction is often inaudible, and too often the native papers undoubtedly "do seek to excite the hatred of the people against Government by attributing to it intentions and designs which are the fruit of their own imaginations." But let us turn to the papers themselves. It may be conceded in the first place that the articles published are often harmless enough. This may be seen from the more elegant extracts given in the "Voice of India," a monthly compilation professing to reflect every shade of public opinion in the country. But it does not reflect the worst side, and unfortunately the moderation of some does not atone for the license of others, even if we could hope, which is impossible, that the disreputable ones are in the minority. The native journalist's range of political vision is more extended than penetrating. He discourses on European and English politics with remarkable fluency and vigour. He is quite ready to enlarge on the effects of our system of party government. For instance, a paper called the "Vritta Dara," which circulates no less than one hundred and thirty copies, moodily informs its readers that "when the Liberals are in power in England, they make a point of promoting the welfare of the people. On the other hand the Conservatives are always in favour of the aggrandisement of the Empire. . . . India always receives some benefits from a Liberal government and the reverse is the case in the time of a Conservative government." Another Bengali paper observes that the Secretary of State for India "is an important member of Parliament, but though he draws pay from India he never thinks it his duty to study Indian questions or to guide Indian affairs. His demoralizing example is very naturally followed by the Viceroy as well as by Governors, Commissioners and District Magistrates." The Irish question frequently affords a text for excited appeals to Indian patriotism. The "Svadar-

manish" (circulation three hundred), writes :

"Brothers, look here! Take an example from your brethren the Irish, who are in the same condition under the British Government as yourselves. Make an effort. . . . The people of Wales have established a Land League, heedless of the firing of guns, the laying on of sticks, the damage caused by dynamite and the moon-lighters, by the tyranny of Government and other things. . . . When will the people of India do the same? When will the people be ready to establish leagues in this country; to raise funds and to relieve themselves from distress? O God! how long wilt Thou make the Aryans suffer excruciating torture!"

The "Aryavart," a paper with a circulation of one hundred and fifty, vows that it is no use appealing to Government for the redress of grievances. "With the consent of the National Congress, the people of India should resolve not to pay taxes. This will be an imitation of the Irish nation. The people of every village and every town should hold meetings and form public opinion in this matter."

The political situation on the Continent is made the subject of still more inflammatory articles. The "Dannik and Chandrika" says:

"Out of fear of Russia, Europe is shuddering. All other Powers are in their dotage, and Russia is now in full bloom. No one has been able to do what Russia is now doing. No one possesses such a vast empire as Russia has. Russia possesses the greater part of Europe and half of Asia. She is increasing the number of her troops. She has wealth, learning and power. The prowess of Russia was tried in the Crimean war. Since that war the Russians have strengthened their power. Who will not fear such an opponent? There is not a single country in Europe which can single-handed fight Russia. The Russians are very powerful, and if the French join them that will be a grand thing. If a fire breaks out in Europe it would be better for England not to take part in that affair."

A Poona paper recommends emigration as a remedy for the ills that India is alleged to be heir to. English statesmen, its readers are informed, are cruel in the extreme. Those natives who wish for happiness should bid farewell to the English and settle among the independent Americans, or

should repair to the waste lands of Africa or Central Asia. "Better to live under the Russians than to be the slaves of the cruel English." The oppressiveness of British rule is painted in strong colours by the "Maharashtra Mitra" (circulation two hundred and fifty).

"The country of the Aryans is clad in mourning garments, her body is smeared with ashes. She is about to be swallowed up in the darkness of the deluge, and is weeping bitterly. If the Indian Government believes that its rule is maintained by oppression, there is no help. In the increase of the salt-tax, the oppression reaches its zenith."

But in the opinion of some high authorities the attitude of the native Press towards private persons really demands interference even more than the attacks made on Government measures. A fair idea of the evil may be gathered from a short account of a prosecution for criminal defamation brought not long ago against a paper called the "Arya Mitter." The complainant was a clerk or secretary formerly employed by a Sikh gentleman, and afterwards by his widow. This lady the "Arya Mitter" had attacked in a series of articles most of which would be untranslatable. Being a lady of position it was impossible for her to come into court in person, and there was therefore no direct remedy. One of the articles began with the couplet:

"The heart aches at the inditing of the matter,  
The pen sheds tears, and the liver is wrung  
asunder!"

This lady, the writer proceeded to say, "causes her noble family to be evilly spoken of by great and small, rich and poor, throughout the Punjab. If the Rani has any regard for her honour, why does she not part with her servant?" This was followed up by a charge of immorality. The articles were evidently written with the object of extorting black-mail from a victim who was unable to protect herself from contumely except by satisfying the rapacity of her assailants. But, luckily for her, the clerk was able to

protect himself. By way of making the attack more effective, the libellers had called him a "pig-faced fellow," and "black-faced;" adding that, besides the disgrace he had brought on his mistress, he had robbed her. An accusation was accordingly brought in a criminal court with the clerk as nominal complainant. The native editor of the "Arya Mitter" was tried on a charge of defamation and sent to prison. The paper ceased to appear, and has never since been revived. In pronouncing sentence the judge referred in severe terms to "the system known to prevail among the lowest classes of vernacular journals of levying black-mail from respectable people by threats of libel. If the money is not paid, a libel is published." It is to be feared that the practice is more or less in vogue amongst native journals of every class; though some are more skilful than others in resorting to it, and cases in which the offender meets with the punishment he merits are rare. Sometimes papers are started with no other object than the vilification of an obnoxious person; in other cases, indiscriminate libelling is resorted to merely to push the paper. In any circumstances, the offence is rarely punished. Even if the paper is sold up, no very serious loss is incurred. But the victim is usually content to suffer in silence, and the wrong done is unredressed. Sometimes the attack is made in a manner which to the European mind might not seem very flagitious after all; but our native officials in India are getting nervous. They know that charges brought against them by the vernacular Press are certain to come under the notice of the Government; and they firmly believe that their reputation at headquarters will largely depend on what is said of them in the newspapers. When we read in a paper that the proceedings of a subordinate in a judicial court (whose name is printed in full) are calculated to suggest doubts as to his honesty, that he

ought to be removed from his post and transferred to some other position where he may be less able to inflict injuries on the people, we may safely infer that the way is being prepared for the extraction of hush-money. If he pays up, the onslaught will be discontinued, and the victim may find himself sharing the good-will of the Press with the jailor of Berhampore, who is complimented by a Moorsheadabad paper on the humanity with which he performs his duties: "The convicts in Berhampore jail are subject to no oppression by such kind-hearted officials."

Of course the law relating to libel is not altogether satisfactory in England; but there are natural checks here which in India do not exist. The facility and cheapness with which a native paper can be started and carried on, the victim's reluctance to have his private affairs discussed in a court of law, and the lightness of the penalty incurred, combine to render the profession of *chantage* an easy and profitable one. Nor are natives the only sufferers. Our own officials are even more at the mercy of the native Press, as they cannot stoop to pay black-mail. An experienced officer in Upper India writes to me, speaking of Bengal: "The power of the native Press has demoralized the whole administration of the province. I had no idea till I spoke to some men from those parts what a system of terrorism had been established."

The problem presented by these conditions is not easy to solve. Almost always attacking the policy of Government, and habitually discerning in it a wrong motive, vernacular papers instead of being as they might be a vehicle for political instruction are a standing incitement to disaffection. Their influence for mischief may be felt less widely than some people imagine; but the evil is there, and would be sure to expand and develop at the most troublesome time. Many if not most of the charges brought against Government would be pro-

nounced by an educated European too ludicrous to obtain credit for an instant; but the credulity of the uneducated Asiatic is omnivorous. Nor must we limit the influence of a native newspaper to its registered circulation. Read out to a small circle, passed on from hand to hand, each single copy may have a hundred readers and more. Over and above the political annoyance, there is the grievous wrong inflicted on private persons, who, to speak plainly, are at the mercy of a gang of professional libellers. Even if the Indian Government is strong enough to disdain its traducers, protection is required for the weaker victims; and as any steps taken to defend them would improve the tone of the Press all-round, the subject of a remedy seems well worthy of consideration.

We have still to see, however, whether any explanations or excuses can be found for such a state of things. We must remember, to begin with, that the native Press is directed for the most part by men whom we ourselves have educated: in fact, we may see in it the first-fruits of our system of public instruction. The young native in our Government schools and colleges has been made to study the English literature of a period when great writers proclaimed the independence of intellect and demanded liberty of speech as their birthright. Historians have pointed out how after the Revolution of 1688 English letters began to exercise an influence on French opinion and through that on the opinion of the world: they inspired the writings of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, and mainly contributed to the great upheaval on the Continent. The Bengalee has been made to study the same literature; and one result is the not altogether unnatural ferment of thought which finds expression in the vernacular newspaper. The most startling passages are really little more than renderings into the vernacular of half-understood and mis-

understood echoes from the high utterance of revolutionary England. The tone is grotesquely offensive, but matters would hardly be mended were the invective more polished. For the political aggressiveness of the native journalist we have in great measure ourselves to thank. He has been educated by our department of public instruction, in nine cases out of ten at the cost of the State. Instead of being taught to understand the lessons of Indian history, the history of a country which had never enjoyed the chief blessings of freedom till it came under British rule, he has been allowed to run riot among the strongest thinkers of the West. Instead of learning to reverence authority, he has been led to suppose that national progress means national emancipation; and that his pen could be devoted to no nobler purpose than to protest against foreign rule. The result of our education is a difficulty which cannot be remedied in a day.

The other excuse or explanation, that sedition pays, is not a good one. At any rate I believe that where the poison has not done irreparable harm a loyal tone would still be profitable from a business point of view, were the paper which adopted it well managed in other ways. But this is a question we may consider when suggesting remedies; and we may pass on to inquire if there are any excuses for the organized system of *chantage* on which the vernacular papers largely subsist. Here the explanation undoubtedly is that it pays; and so long as this is the case, we can hardly expect any improvement. The risk is small and the profit certain. It is a mistake to suppose that the spread of education in India and the gradual enlightenment of the people will alone suffice to put down this form of libelling. The use of lithography makes it cheap and easy; we must do something to make it difficult.

In Russia the Press is regarded as an instrument of popular education; and as such it is curbed and con-



trolled with despotic power. In England, we have long been accustomed to read the newspaper as an index to public opinion. It was hoped in India that the native Press would serve to enlighten the people as to the policy of Government, and would at the same time keep Government in touch with the feelings of the people. But the Press was left to discover and fulfil its functions by itself, as best it could; and the result is that its energy is now expended in what can only be called a wrong direction. The time has gone by for taking those measures for its guidance and control which should have been tried at first. Still something may be done. A further attempt might be made to encourage the growth of a better class of vernacular journalism. Respectable native gentlemen often complain that unless they subscribe to disloyal and libellous papers, they can get no news at all; and they would gladly patronize and support any decent journal within their reach. As to the kind of encouragement that could be given to a well-conducted paper there are various concessions and privileges which might easily be granted in connection with postal and telegraphic rates and the publication of official news. It might also be feasible, with the approval of the papers already in existence, to put some check on the growth of new papers started with no other object than to libel obnoxious persons and to vilify the Government. One plan would be to require every paper to take out a licence, granting it only to new papers on condition of their finding security for good behaviour; the security to be liable to forfeiture in the event of gross misconduct, such as defamation proved in a court of law. A free licence might be given to every

existing paper, and its withdrawal should entail a stoppage of all concessions and privileges of the kind indicated above. In course of time the Press would find its account in adopting a more moderate tone, the legitimate emoluments of journalism would reach a higher scale, and the worst stamp of papers would be killed by the competition of the better. Hitherto our policy has been either to leave the native Press severely alone or to check sedition by the strong measures of Lord Lytton's Vernacular Press Act. That Act being no longer in force, we shall be wise to try another plan; offering such advantages to well-conducted papers as will induce them to regard abstention from libels whether on the State or on individuals as an essential condition of remunerative journalism.

At the same time something might be done to facilitate the swift punishment of gross defamation. The Indian penal code provides an adequate penalty for the offence, but the difficulty is to set the law in motion. Government servants are seldom permitted to institute proceedings, either civil or criminal, against newspapers. Sanction should be given more frequently in clear cases, and one or two successful prosecutions in each province would go far to abate the evil. The encouragement, however, of a better stamp of newspaper should proceed together with the suppression of the worse. If only the authorities will decide on a definite line of policy and will resolve to pursue it steadily, there is every reason to anticipate a gradual improvement. If on the other hand nothing is done, the evil will continue to grow till it passes altogether beyond our control.

STEPHEN WHEELER.



## POPE AND THE POETRY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is one notable change in Pope's position since the last centenary of his birth. His manner is now old enough to bear revival. A clever writer of epigrammatic couplets, with something much less exquisite than Pope's mastery of his favourite stave, and much less strong and keen than his wit, a passably clever imitator in short, would be certain now of a wide and cordial welcome. Of course a certain discretion would have to be shown in the line of imitation: not all the master's subjects would serve equally well for the modern disciple. We should probably find little to admire in a new "Windsor Forest"; even a new "Essay on Man", with all our recent modern developments in philosophy and religion thrown in, might not attract as wide a circle of readers as "Robert Elsmere"; but it may safely be said that the time is ripe for new "Imitations of Horace" if only the man were ready. As for a new "Dunciad", that is a more delicate subject to hint at, as nobody knows what might happen, and it would not be a comfortable experience to be hitched into the rhyme if the new satirist had as sharp a tooth as his great original. It is better to let sleeping cynics lie. But certainly it is a wonder that in these days of "New" things, New Lucians, New Republics, New Plutarchs, and so forth, nobody should have essayed to give us a New Dunciad. Is it that in this age of universal cleverness we have no Dunces, or that Pope's form is not quite so easy to imitate as it was the fashion fifty years ago to say? Or is it that we are all so very good-natured that the "airy malevolence" of the great satirist would not be tolerated?

This much at least is certain, that if we had material, and a satirist, and if  
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our satirist were dexterous enough to evade the law of libel—another barrier to the imitator of Pope—the form of epigrammatic couplets would now have all the charm of novelty, whereas a hundred years ago the public ear was tired of them. From the first of these propositions we imagine there will be no dissent; but as regards the second a very general impression to the contrary prevails. In spite of the labours of such accurate historians of literature as the late Mr. Mark Pattison and Mr. Stopford Brooke, Pope's relations to the poetry of the latter half of the eighteenth century are still very generally misunderstood. If the average educated man, with some knowledge of the broad outlines of literary history but no special interest in its details, were asked as a question pertinent to the recent celebration, what would have been the probable reception of a poem in Pope's manner when last his centenary came round, he would probably answer out of a vague impression that in the year 1788 a poem in any other manner would have been promptly extinguished by the critics. The general notion is that the authority of Pope was supreme throughout the eighteenth century, and that it remained unshaken till the advent of the new potentates, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and Byron. It is supposed that the public taste was so devoted to Pope and what is called the "classical school" that no departure from its principles of composition would have been received with patience; that even Milton and the great Elizabethans were decried and neglected; and that long and determined efforts were needed before the public could be brought back to a higher standard of poetic excellence. This indeed is commonly given as the

explanation of the utter decay of poetry in the eighteenth century, that people lived in slavish subjection to narrow and exclusive rules of art; that all who felt an impulse to write in verse were intimidated into taking artificial standards as their guide rather than Nature; that genius was stifled by timid and laborious endeavour after correctness. And Pope's name was the bugbear used to frighten unruly genius into submission.

Such was the view of the poetry of the eighteenth century proclaimed with authority some fifty years ago, and still, after a good many years of sober contradiction, very extensively held. An opinion backed by the confident and brilliant rhetoric of Macaulay is not easily dislodged. The reaction against the critical school that set in with the great poetic expansion at the beginning of this century was definitely established by Macaulay's article on Moore's "Life of Byron" in the "Edinburgh Review". It gave articulate expression to the effect produced on the public mind by the destructive criticism of which Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Bowles were the leading exponents. Their tone of course was much more judicial, but since they laid stress on the defects of Pope, and the public had been accustomed for two or three generations to hear chiefly of his merits, the general impression produced was that his poetry was essentially and radically vicious, that he was as it were an impostor who had long deceived the people but had been detected and exposed at last. This exaggerated condemnation was not the fault of the new critics, but it was the natural result of their saying what they said at the time when they said it. That happened in Pope's case which happens in the progress of all conceptions towards exact qualification. Thinking on any subject is generally done by halves or by bits, each of which as it comes into prominence fills the area of the whole truth. As long as the public mind was dazzled by certain

splendid qualities in Pope's verse, these qualities virtually represented the sum of poetic excellence: he was simply a poet: there was no question of defects or limitations. There came a time when the defects were loudly insisted upon, and the public mind was occupied in the same exclusive manner with poetic excellence of a different type which had yet to undergo its process of qualification. Pope was then simply no poet: he was the complete antithesis of poetic excellence. Pope's reputation followed the ordinary law in passing through those two violent stages on its way towards a more fixed and definite formation: it may safely be said to have now reached a further stage in which merits and defects are no longer in mutually destructive antagonism, and Pope is recognized as a great poet, to be admired, enjoyed, and studied for what he was, without being despised or neglected for what he was not.

We speak of the conception of Pope's poetry in that vague but none the less real receptacle of ideas, the general mind, to the fluctuations and advances of which it is not easy to obtain a definite index. Perhaps one of the most satisfactory gauges of public opinion, whether of men or of measures, is to be found in the attitude of moderate critics. If moderate critics are apologetic and conciliatory in hinting at blemishes, the man or the measure, we may be sure, stands high in public estimation. In the case of Pope, we find that in the eighteenth century, before his poetry had passed through the crucible of the Wordsworthian school, such a moderate critic as Joseph Warton had to be cautious in pointing out Pope's limitations; whereas thirty years ago such a temperate admirer as Mr. Carruthers had to guard himself carefully against the charge of putting Pope's merits too high. More recently Mr. Elwin's elaborate criticism of Pope has been received with some impatience on account of its hostile and unsympathetic tone; and the remarks made about

him within the last two months have shown a disposition to make amends for the violence of previous disparagement.

While there has been this oscillation concerning Pope's merits in the general mind, following in its own way the movements of critical dialectic, there has been comparatively little substantial difference of opinion among the few who, in Wordsworth's language, make "a serious study of poetry". Although critics of the Wordsworthian school discredited Pope so much that it became among their more foolish adherents a mark of corrupt taste to find a word to say in favour of anything written in the eighteenth century, the leaders themselves, especially Coleridge and Bowles, were by no means insensible to Pope's unrivalled brilliancy within his own limits. On the other hand, it is a mistake to suppose that the critics of the eighteenth century, even in the generation immediately after Pope's own, were unconscious of those limits, although they had more complete sympathy with the poet's merits and were more ungrudging in their praise. Too many of us still see even the criticism of the eighteenth century through the spectacles of reactionaries who were in too violent a heat to see clearly. The admiration of Pope was not an unqualified and unreasoning idolatry among the critics of the eighteenth century. Even Bowles's main contention, over which there was so much discussion at the beginning of this century, that satiric and ethic poetry are necessarily from their subject-matter inferior species, and cannot entitle a poet to the first rank however masterly in execution, was put forward in substance by Joseph Warton as early as 1756. It was put forward in substance though with a slight difference, Warton's exact position being that wit and satire are transitory and perishable, while nature and passion are eternal. And ten years earlier this same ambitious youth, having just taken his degree at Oxford, issued a

volume of odes, in the preface to which he expressed a modest hope that they "would be looked upon as an attempt to bring poetry back into its right channel", his opinion being that "invention and imagination are the chief faculties of a poet", and that "the fashion of moralizing in verse had been carried too far". This was in 1746, within three years of Pope's death, and the bold venture was so far successful that a second edition was at once called for. The Odes of Warton's schoolfellow and friend, Collins, who wrote in the same independent spirit, but with infinitely greater genius, were published at the same time: they had indeed intended at first to publish together. The poetry of Collins was of a much less simple, commonplace, and popular cast, and his volume of Odes remained unsold; but it opened the door to an intimacy with Thomson and Johnson, an evidence that such critical authorities were far from being disposed to stifle genius that did not accommodate itself to the manner of Pope. But it may be said that Warton's free criticism of Pope was only an impotent heresy, an individual eccentricity serving only to make more marked the general drift of opinion. Was it not the case that he kept back the second part of his essay for more than a quarter of a century, and that Johnson supposed the reason for this to be "disappointment at not having been able to persuade the world to be of his opinion as to Pope"? Yes; but the "opinion" to which Johnson referred was the opinion that Pope's reputation in the future would rest upon his "Windsor Forest", his "Eloisa to Abelard", and his "Rape of the Lock", rather than upon his moral and satirical poems. Of Warton's essay itself—or rather of the first part, for the second part was not published till a year or two before his death—the great critic repeatedly wrote and spoke in terms of the highest praise. It was this essay that he described as "a book which teaches how the brow of Criti-

cism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity to attract and delight". No man was ever less disposed than Johnson to suppress independent criticism, however paradoxical this may seem to those who have been taught to regard him as the inflexible administrator of narrow and arbitrary critical laws. He was punctiliously conscientious in always giving a reason for his critical decisions. Lord Mansfield's famous advice to the judge who knew no law would have been abhorrent to one who prided himself on his knowledge of critical law, and who held that all critical laws worthy of respect were founded in reason. "Reason wants not Horace to support it", was one of his characteristic maxims. That his reasons were always valid would be too much to claim; but they were always, except when thrown off in the caprice of conversation, the result of profound and penetrating thought, and he would be a very presumptuous critic that should lightly set them aside.

"Temporary arrest of poetic expansion" would be a fairer description of what took place in the eighteenth century than "utter decay of poetry"; and to assign as the explanation of this arrest the overbearing force of Pope's example, or the chilling influence of Johnson's precepts, or slavish subservience to arbitrary rules is, to put it soberly, not to give a sufficient explanation. It is not quite fair to criticism to regard it as if its main function were to direct and nourish its poetry of the period, and to argue that it stands condemned as necessarily unsound if the contemporary poetical crop is poor and scanty. It has been too much the habit of literary historians to look upon the poverty of the poetry as the main literary phenomenon of the eighteenth century. If the idea had occurred—and it is at least worthy of examination—that possibly the critical school of which Johnson was the master helped to lay a foundation for the splendid outburst

of poetic production in a subsequent generation, the critical principles of the eighteenth century would have had a fairer chance of being judged upon their merits. Johnson was certainly no champion of narrow and exclusive tenets. There were certain obvious and definite qualities in Pope, smooth melodious rhythm, clear sense, elegance or refinement of phrase and idea, on which he frequently dwelt as high poetic merits. "Here", he exclaimed of Pope's "Eloisa", "is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a fruitful soil and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, no asperity of language". But highly as he admired such qualities, and although he probably did not feel with sufficient force the danger of buying them at too great a sacrifice, the absence of them did not blind him to other merits. He appreciated the power of Collins, though he did find fault with his occasional obscurity and his "harsh clusters of consonants"; He found harshness and barbarity in the diction of Milton, but that did not prevent him from speaking of Milton as "that poet whose works may possibly be read when every other monument of British greatness is obliterated"; or from saying that "such is the power of his poetry that his call is obeyed without resistance, the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration". With all his love for Pope, he found passages in Dryden "drawn from a profundity that Pope could never reach". He criticised Shakespeare, as he said, "without curious malignity or superstitious veneration", but whoever thinks that he measured Shakespeare by cold and formal notions of correctness, should read his noble Preface. "The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed some-

times with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity". This is not the language of a narrow and exclusive critic with a single eye to correctness of an artificial kind.

The poetic barrenness certainly cannot be explained by the predominance of narrow and exclusive critical theories. Exclusive admiration of Pope and the classical school, contented acquiescence in its methods and subjects as the perfection of art, inability to feel and enjoy excellence of any other kind, cannot be charged against the critics of the time. Pope himself was by no means insensible to the greatness of his great predecessors, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. His conversations with Spence afford abundant evidence of his catholicity as well as his delicacy of judgment. And if we pass from Pope to his successors in the eighteenth century, we find that we cannot number disrespect for Shakespeare among the causes of their poetic incompetence, and that Nature was often in their heads, if not in their hearts, as the great original from which the poet ought to draw. The Winchester schoolboys, Warton and Collins, were perhaps singular in their enthusiasm for Spenser. But the cult of Shakespeare was universal. Edition followed edition and commentary commentary, while Garrick in Shakespearian parts was the delight of the town. When Aken-side, in the last year of Pope's life, extolled with much applause "The Pleasures of the Imagination", he began by invoking the aid of "Fancy", as the Spirit of Poetry,

"From the fruitful banks  
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull  
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the  
turf  
Where Shakespeare lies".

A few years later, in 1749, when a company of French players acted by subscription at the Theatre-Royal, Akenside's enthusiasm was such that

he treated their visit as an insult to Shakespeare, and put the following "Remonstrance" into the mouth of the outraged dramatist:

"What though the footsteps of my devious  
Muse  
The measured walks of Grecian art refuse?  
Or though the frankness of my hardy style  
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?  
Yet what my age and climate held to view  
Impartial I surveyed and fearless drew.  
And say, ye skilful in the human heart,  
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,  
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler  
field,  
For lofty thought, for daring fancy yield?"

The same note was struck by Churchill in the first year of the reign of George the Third.

"May not some great extensive genius raise  
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian  
praise? . . .  
There may—there hath—and Shakespeare's  
muse aspires  
Beyond the reach of Greece: with native  
fires  
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,  
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at  
his height.  
Why should we then abroad for judges roam,  
When abler judges we may find at home?  
Happy in tragic and in comic powers  
Have we not Shakespeare? is not Jonson  
ours?"

We have quoted enough to show that the poets of the eighteenth century, from beginning to end of what has been called the darkest period of the century, were not, in principle at least, enamoured of tameness and trimness in art, and that they did not of set choice and with deliberate acquiescence confine themselves to a low range of imaginative effort. Rather they seem to have been striving and straining with turbulent ambition after higher things—after things too high for their powers. Gray, who had more right to speak than any of those whom we have quoted, seems to have been conscious of this impotence, this disproportion between desire and achievement.

"But not to one in this benighted age  
Is that diviner inspiration given,  
That burns in Shakespeare's and in Milton's  
page,  
The pomp and prodigality of heaven".



The difficulty would be to find the critics whose authority the minor poets resented and considered it necessary to abjure. Rymer, who is sometimes referred to as if he had been a representative critic of the period, was at least as much laughed at in his own generation as he has ever been since, and represented only a perverse and splenetic opposition to the general strain.

The inability of the period to fulfil its aspirations after a larger and bolder style of poetry, with more of life and passion in it, would be almost pathetic if it were really required of every generation to be great in poetry, and it were to be held dishonour to come short of greatness in the divine art. The tyrannical authority of a critical school cannot be held responsible for this dishonour to the generation after Pope, if dishonour it be. The only respect in which criticism may have had a discouraging influence was this, that there was so much of it. Under the lead of Johnson, the great aim of criticism was to discover how the heart was reached, to detect by analysis of an impressive passage what helped and what hindered the effect. "You must show how terror is impressed on the human heart", he said, in speaking with his friends of what a critic ought to do in considering the use made of a ghost in a play: this was the only kind of criticism that he would call real criticism, "showing the beauty of thought as formed on the workings of the human heart". Now when an artist begins to consider too curiously how an effect is produced, he is apt to be hampered and, it may be, paralysed if he has not energy enough to transcend the consciously or painfully analytic stage, or to perform his analysis with such swiftness and sureness of perception that he proceeds at once and as if by instinct to the required combination. The amount of poetic production in the generation after Pope may have been lessened by excess of the critical spirit and the multiplication of negative conditions, but this could have affected only the minor

poets or men of poetic talent, because the man of poetic genius will not and needs not consider his ways and means too curiously.

How are we to account for the arrest of poetry in the eighteenth century, if it was not due to the chilling influence of critics imbued with artificial principles? Burke's aphorism that "the march of the human mind is slow", is a part of the explanation that should not be lost sight of in the search for minute causes. Leaps and bounds of poetic expansion are not to be expected in every generation. Slow progress is the normal law, and we need not torture ourselves to discover reasons for a particular case of slow progress as if it were something exceptional. After all, there was some progress even in poetry itself, besides what may have been done in the way of suggestion and collection of material for the poetry of the future. Collins and Gray are great names, though not of the first rank; and even in the darkest period such minor bards as the Wartons, Shenstone, and Beattie did not merely grind old tunes but sounded a distinctive note, however humble. Collins, in especial, added an ever-living branch to the tree of our literature: his Odes are not mere dry twigs on that tree. Of the peculiar form in which he expressed the rapture of learned meditation, gathering together the most moving incidents of human experience under abstractions conceived as living forces, Collins is the one great master. He is essentially a scholarly or academic poet, and could never be popular in the wide sense, his subjects being historical and his mode of expression such that he cannot be followed without some intellectual effort; but the effort is worth making, because he had deep and genuine feeling to put into his verse, and the power to transmit that feeling, whole and harmonious, to the reader. One of Wordsworth's central qualities, his attitude towards Nature, is a natural and easy transition from the spirit in which Collins conceived the pageant of history.



Great bursts of poetic activity come but seldom. They are exceptional facts; and those anxious *rerum cognoscere causas* should first endeavour to determine the causes or leading conditions of those departures from the normal law. It should be an easier task, and should conduce to the understanding of the comparative inactivity of other periods. If we take the works of the leaders of the great poetic revival of this century—Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron—we find that they differ in certain broad respects from all the works of the eighteenth century. We find something like the origination of new species or new varieties in poetry. The form, in a large sense of the word, is new, and the vein of feeling is new. New themes are treated in a new way, and with a new spirit. Consider the mere form of the “Lay of the Last Minstrel”, the first genuinely popular poem, interesting to all classes, of the new era—a metrical romance regularly constructed, with perfect unity of action, incidents all helping forward the progress of the story through various complications to a catastrophe. No such poem had ever been written before; it was a new form in poetry—classical regularity of form combined with romantic freedom of accident. The precepts of the classical school, reiterating how an epic, the vain ambition of the poets of the eighteenth century, ought to be constructed, were not thrown away upon Scott, although he made a free use of them. Then the spirit of the poem—the serious epic treatment of the necromancing Ladye of Branksome Hall, the Wizard, the Goblin Page, and the bold Mosstrooper. We have nothing like this in the eighteenth century. In Pope’s time such personages would either have been burlesqued or treated with affected respect such as a grown-up person would use towards fairies and hobgoblins in telling stories about them to a child. They might have figured in an Ode to Superstition, but an artist would hardly have dared to narrate their doings with the air of a

serious believer, and without taking the polite reader into his confidence. Taken altogether, in form and spirit, the “Lay” was a new thing in literature, a new species of poem. The same may be said of “Childe Harold”. Here also we find a new species of epic, such as the formal writers on epic poetry had never contemplated—the hero of which is not a mythical king like Arthur, or a personified Virtue moving in Faeryland like Spenser’s Red Cross Knight, or Guyon, or Britomart, but a modern man moving in modern scenes. Wordsworth also is new in form as well as in spirit. No poet before him had dared to shut himself up in the country and choose as the subject of his verse, without any reference to his fine friends in town, his own personal feelings and reflections as aroused by the moving spectacle of sky and hill and glen, and the homely life of rustic neighbours. He wrote a species of pastoral poetry that had not been legislated for by the technical law-givers of the art, though the want of it had been vaguely felt by Walsh when he wrote wistfully of a Golden Age in which “the shepherds were men of learning and refinement”.

Whether or not these are the main characters of the new poetry, the vital principles underlying smaller differences, it is in such large new features that we must seek the secret of the great expansion rather than in little changes of artistic aim or conscious repudiation of definite critical theories. The fetters that had to be broken were nothing so palpable as formal rules of critical authority. They were bonds from which emancipation is much less easy, the restraints of unformulated, undogmatic, inarticulate custom. It was habits of feeling that had to be changed, not rules of art. And the reason of the comparative poverty of the poetry of the eighteenth century was that no poet was born or bred with sufficient force of personality to effect this change. Probably it could not have been

effected without the invention of forms of poetry that had the broad characters of new species, so inveterately were the old habits of feeling associated with the old forms, drama, epic, descriptive poem, ode, elegy, and sonnet each having its established unwritten standard of poetic elegance or refinement. It is only when some distinctively new kind of thing is reached by happy inspiration that creative energy is exalted to the pitch that results in a great period of poetry.

The eighteenth century, possibly because the time was not ripe, had not inventive energy enough in poetry to strike out new lines, but it contributed in many ways to make expansion easier for those that came after. Especially did the rich and varied development of prose in essay and fiction prepare the way for the subsequent emancipation. The influence of this prose as a solvent of established poetic customs has not been sufficiently remarked. Fifty years ago the popular conception of this revolution was that it was a literary echo of the French Revolution; that throughout the eighteenth century poets had bent submissively under the yoke of Pope and the classical school, but that catching the heat of the political ferment they were emboldened to raise the standard of rebellion and throw the rules of their tyrant to the winds. But the example of freedom from traditional standards of dignity set by prose works of imagination and prose comments on life had much more to do with the poetic revolution than the contemporary political excitement, though this also may have been a factor in the result. The serious Muse sat in stiff and starched propriety while her nimbler sister revelled in the enjoyment of freedom, but she tired at last of nursing her dignity, and unbent. Prose writers had familiarised the world with the subjects and sentiments of the new poetry for a generation or two before they attained the intensity that seeks expression in verse. The emancipating

influence of the prose literature becomes obvious when, disregarding their individualities, we look at the general strain of the pioneers and the leaders of the poetic revolution. Cowper might be described with general truth as an essayist in verse. Wordsworth deliberately and articulately claimed liberty to use in verse the same diction that might be used for the expression of the same feelings in prose; and incidents such as he made the subjects of his lyrical ballads had for long been considered admissible material for the novelist. Characters and incidents similar in kind to those in Scott's metrical romances had made their appearance before in prose romance. Byron's "*Childe Harold*" was avowedly suggested by a character in prose fiction: he intended his hero, he said, to be a kind of poetical Zeluco. Prose thus led the way to greater freedom of subject and sentiment in poetry, and matured the ideas to which poetry gave the higher artistic expression.

It is of some importance that we should understand the real nature of the last poetic revival, and see that there was more in it than a revolt against established poetic diction and artificial critical rules. This opprobrious word artificial has been allowed too long to create a false prejudice against the poetry of the eighteenth century. It may be doubted whether in any important sense of the word the best poetry of the eighteenth century was more artificial than the best poetry of the nineteenth. The indiscriminating contempt that at one time sought to justify itself by this vague term of reproach, and that was natural enough in the exultation of a new movement, has now all but passed away, and has given place to a feeling that after all the poets of the eighteenth century may be worthy of study by those ambitious of still further developments. And who knows but that in this once-despised period inventive genius may yet find a hint and a starting-point for fresh triumphs?

W. MINTO.

## GASTON DE LATOUR.

## CHAPTER IV.

## PEACH-BLOSSOM AND WINE.

THOSE searchings of thought brought from time to time cruel starts from sleep, a sudden shudder at any wide outlook over life and its issues, draughts of mental east-wind across the hot mornings into which the voices of his companions called him, to lose again in long rambles every sense save that of his firm, abounding youth. Those rambles were but the last, sweet, wastefully-spent remnants of a happy season. The letter for Monsieur Michel de Montaigne was to hand, with preparations for the distant journey which must presently break up their comradeship. Notwithstanding, its actual termination overtook them at the last as if by surprise: on a sudden that careless interval of time was over.

The carelessness of the Three at all events had been entire. Secure on the low, warm, level surface of things, they talked, they rode, they ate and drank, with no misgivings, mental or moral, no too curious questions as to the essential nature of their so palpable well-being or the rival standards thereof, of origins and issues. And yet with all their gaiety, as its last triumphant note in truth, they were ready to trifle with death, welcoming, as a foil to the easy character of their days, a certain luxurious sense of danger—the night-alarm, the arquebuse peeping from some quiet farm-building across their way, the rumoured presence in their neighbourhood of this or that great military leader—delightful premonitions of the adventurous life soon to be their own in Paris. What surmises they had of

vaguer danger, took effect, in that age of wizardry, as a quaintly practical superstition; the expectancy of cadaverous "churchyard things", and the like, intruding themselves where they should not be, to be dissipated in turn, as materially and directly, by counter devices of the dark craft which had evoked them. Gaston, then, as in after years, though he saw no ghosts, could not bear to trifle with such matters: to his companions it was a delight as they supped to note the indication of nameless terrors, if it were only in the starts and crackings of the timbers of the old place. To the turbid spirits of that generation the midnight heaven itself was by no means a restful companion, and many were the hours wasted by those young astrophiles in puzzling out the threats, the enigmatic promises, of a starry sky.

The fact that armed persons were still abroad, thieves or assassins, lurking under many disguises, might explain what happened on the last evening of their time together, when they sat late at the open windows as the night increased, serene but covered summer night, aromatic, velvet-footed. What coolness it had was pleasant after the wine; and they strolled out, fantastically muffled in certain old heraldic dresses of parade, caught up in the hall as they passed through, Gaston alone remaining to attend on his grandfather. In about an hour's time they returned, not a little disconcerted, to tell a story of which Gaston was reminded (seeing them as if only half real, amid the bloomy night, with blood upon their boyish flowers) as they crossed his path again at three intervals. Listening for the night-hush, pushing aside the hedge-row to catch

the evening breath of the honeysuckle, they had sauntered on, scarcely looking before them, along the causeway. Soft sounds came out of the distance, but footsteps on the hard road they had not heard, when three others fronted them face to face—Jasmin, Amadée, and Camille—their very selves, visible in the light of the lantern carried by Camille: they might have felt the breath upon their cheeks: real, close, definite, cap for cap, plume for plume, flower for flower, a light like their own flashed up counter-wise, but with blood, all three of them, fresh upon the bosom or in the mouth. It was well to draw the sword, be one's enemy carnal or spiritual; even devils, as wise men know, taking flight at its white glitter through the air. Out flashed the brave youths' swords, still with mimic counter motion, upon nothing—upon the empty darkness before them.

Curdled at heart for an hour by that strange encounter, they went on their way next morning no different. There was something in the mere belief that peace was come at last. For a moment Huguenots were, or pretended to be, satisfied with a large concession of liberty, to be almost light of soul. The French, who can always pause in the very midst of civil bloodshed to eulogise the reign of universal kindness, were determined to treat an armistice as nothing less than Utopia. To bear offensive weapons became a crime; and the sense of security at home was attested by vague schemes of glory to be won abroad, under the leadership of the Admiral, the great Huguenot Coligni, anxious to atone for his share in the unhappiness of France by helping her to foreign conquests. Philip of Spain had been watching for the moment when Charles and Catherine would call the Duke of Alva into France to continue his devout work there. Instead, the poetic mind of Charles was dazzled for a moment by the dream of wresting those misused Netherlands from Spanish rule

altogether; and it was under these genial conditions that Gaston set out towards those south-west regions he had always yearned to, as popular imagination just now set thither also, in a vision of French ships going forth from the mouths of the Loire and the Gironde, from Nantes, Bordeaux, and La Rochelle to the Indies, in rivalry of Spanish adventure. The spasmodic gaiety of the time blent with that of the season of the year, of his own privileged time of life, and allowed the opulent country through which he was to pass all its advantages. Ever afterwards that low ring of blue hills beyond La Beauce meant more for him, not less, than of old. After the reign of his native apple-blossom and corn, it was that of peach-blossom and wine. Southwards to Orleans and the Loire; then, with the course of the sunny river, to Blois, to Amboise, to Tours, he traversed a region of unquestioned natural charm, heightened greatly by the mental atmosphere through which it reached him. Black Angus, candescent Saumur, with its double in the calm broad water below, the melancholy seigneurial woods of Blois, ranged themselves in his memory as so many distinct types of what was dignified or pleasant in human habitations. Frequently, along the great historic stream, as along some vast street, contemporary genius was visible, a little prematurely as time would show, in a novel and seductive architecture, which by its engrafting of exotic grace on homely native forms spoke of a certain restless aspiration to be what one was not but might become, or something better,—the old Gaulish desire to be refined, to be mentally enfranchised by the sprightlier genius of Italy. With their terraced gardens, their airy galleries, their triumphal chimney-pieces, their spacious stairways, their conscious provision for the elegant enjoyment of all seasons in turn, here surely were the new abodes for the new humanity of this new, poetic,

picturesque, mentally enfranchised age. What but those flawless bodies, duly appointed for typically developed souls, could move on the daily business of life through these dreamy apartments into which he entered from time to time, their very garniture like a personal presence there? Was there light here in the earth itself? It was a landscape, certainly, which did not merely accept the sun, but flashed it back gratefully from those white gracious carven houses that were like a natural part of it. As he passed below, fancy would sometimes credit their distant gables with felicities of combination beyond possibility. What prospects of mountain and sea-shore from those aerial window-seats!

And still, as in some sumptuous tapestry, the architecture, the landscape, were but a setting for the human figures: those palatial abodes, never out of sight, high on the river banks, challenged continual speculation as to their inhabitants—how they moved, read poetry and romances, or wrote those memoirs which were like romance, passed through all the hourly changes of their all-accomplished, intimate life. The Loire was the river pre-eminently of the monarchy, of the court; and the fleeting human interests, fact or fancy, which gave its utmost value to the liveliness of the scene, found a centre in the movements of Catherine and her sons, still roving, after the eccentric habit inherited from Francis the First, from one "house of pleasure" to another, in the pursuit at once of amusement and of that political intrigue which was the serious business of their lives. Like some fantastic company of strolling players amid the hushed excitement of a little town, the royal family, with all its own small rivalries, was housed for the night under the same roof with some of its greater enemies—Henri de Guise, Condé, the Admiral, all alike taken by surprise—courteously, therefore ineffectively. And Gaston, come thus by chance so close to them, had

less the sense of nearness to the springs of great events than of the likeness of the whole matter to a stage-play with its ingeniously contrived encounters, or the assortments of a game of chance.

And in a while the dominant course of the river itself, the animation of its steady downward flow even amid the sand-shoals and whispering islets of the dry season, bore his thoughts beyond it in a sudden irresistible appetite for the sea; and he determined, varying slightly from the prescribed route, to reach his destination by way of the coast. From Nantes he descended imperceptibly along tall hedges of acacia, till on a sudden, with a novel freshness in the air, through a low archway of laden fruit-trees it was visible,—sand, sea, and sky, in three quiet spaces, line upon line. The features of the landscape changed again, and the gardens, the rich orchards, gave way to bare, grassy undulations: only the open sandy spaces presented their own native Flora, for the fine silax seemed to have crept into the tall, wiry stalks, like grasses the seeds of which had expanded by solar magic into veritable flowers, crimson, green, or yellow patched with black.

It was pleasant to sleep as if in the sea's arms, amid the low murmurs, the salt odour mingled with the wild garden scents of a little inn or farm, forlorn in the wide enclosure of an ancient manor, deserted as the sea encroached—long ago, for the fig-trees in the riven walls were tough and old. Next morning he must turn his back betimes with the freshness of the outlook still undimmed, all colours turning to white on the shell-beach, the wrecks, the children at play on it, the boat with its gay streamers dancing in the foam. Bright as the scene of his journey had been, it had had from time to time its grisly touches—an inky accent upon the painted surface—a forbidden fortress with its steel-clad inmates thrust itself upon

the way; the village church had been ruined too recently to count as picturesque; and at last, at the meeting-point of five long causeways across a wide expanse of marshland, where the wholesome sea turned stagnant, La Rochelle itself scowled through the heavy air, the dark ramparts still rising higher around its dark townsfolk—La Rochelle, the "Bastion of the Gospel" according to John Calvin, the conceded capital of the Huguenots. They were there, and would not leave, even to share the festivities of the marriage of King Charles to his little Austrian Elizabeth about this time—the armed chiefs of Protestantism, dreaming of a dictator after the Roman manner, who should set up a religious republic. Serried closely together on land, they had a strange mixed following on the sea. Lair of heretics, or shelter of martyrs, it was ready to protect the outlaw. The corsair, of course, would be a Protestant, actually armed perhaps by sour old Jeanne of Navarre—the ship he fell across, of course, a Spaniard. A real Spanish ship of war, gay, magnificent, was gliding even then stealthily through the distant haze, and nearer lay what there was of a French navy. Did the enigmatic Admiral, the coming dictator, Coligni, really wish to turn it to foreign adventure in rivalry of Spain, as the proper patriotic outcome of this period, or breathing-space of peace and national unity?

Undoubtedly they were still there, even in this halcyon weather, those roots of disquiet, like the volcanic forces beneath the massive chestnut-woods, spread so calmly through the breathless air, on the ledges and levels of the red heights of the Limousin, under which Gaston now passed on his way southwards. On his right hand a broad, lightly diversified expanse of vineyard, of towns and towers innumerable, rolled its burden of fat things down the slope of the Gironde towards the more perfect level beyond. In the

heady afternoon an indescribable softness laid hold on him from the objects, the atmosphere, the lazy business, of the scene around. And was that the quarter whence the daylight, the intellectual iron, the chalybeate influence, was to come?—those coquettish, well-kept, vine-wreathed towers, smiling over a little irregular old village, itself half-hidden in gadding vine, pointed out by the gardeners (all labourers here were gardeners) as the end of his long, pleasant journey—abode of Monsieur Michael de Montaigne, the singular but not unpopular gentleman living there among his books, of whom Gaston hears so much over-night at the inn where he rests for the night, before delivering the great poet's letter, entering his room at last in a flutter of curiosity.

Three different forms of composition have, under different conditions, prevailed—three distinct literary methods—in the presentation of philosophic thought: earliest, the metrical form, when philosophy was still a thing of intuition, sanguine, imaginative, often obscure, and became a *poem* "concerning nature" after the manner of Pythagorus "his golden verses"; precisely the opposite way to that, when native intuition had shrunk into dogmatic system, the dry bones of which rattle in one's ear with Aristotle or Aquinas as a formal *treatise*; the true philosophic temper, the proper human complexion in this subject, lying between these opposites as the third essential form of its literature, the *essay*—that characteristic model of our own time, so rich and various in special apprehensions of truth, but of so vague and dubious sense of their *ensemble* and issues. Characteristic modern form of philosophic literature, the essay came into use at what was really the invention of the relative or "modern spirit", in the Renaissance of the sixteenth century. The reader sees already that these three methods are no mere literary



accidents dependent on the choice of particular writers, but necessities of literary form strictly determined by matter as corresponding to three essentially different ways in which the human mind relates itself to truth. If oracular verse, stimulant, but enigmatic, is the proper vehicle of enthusiastic intuition; if the treatise with its ambitious array of premise and conclusion is the natural output of scholastic all-sufficiency; so the form of the essay as we have it in Montaigne, the representative essayist, inventor of the name as in essence of the thing—of the essay in its seemingly modest aim, its really large and venturesome possibilities—is indicative of his peculiar function with regard to that age, as in truth the commencement of our own. It supplies precisely the literary form necessary to a mind for which truth itself is but a possibility, realisable not as general and open conclusion but rather as elusive effect of a particular experience—to a mind which, noting faithfully those random lights which meet it by the way, must needs content itself with suspense of judgment at the end of the intellectual journey, to the very last asking *Que sçais-je ?*

In those earlier days of the Renaissance a whole generation had been exactly in the position in which Gaston now found himself. An older ideal moral and religious, certain theories of man and nature actually in possession, still haunted humanity at the very moment when it was called through a full knowledge of the past to enjoy the present with an unrestricted expansion of its own capacities. Might one enjoy? Might one eat of all the trees? Some had already eaten and needed retrospectively a theoretic justification, the sanction of their actual liberties, in some new reading of human nature itself and its relation to the world around it. Explain to us the propriety, on the full view of things, of this bold course we have taken, or know we shall take. *Ex post*

*facto* at all events, that justification was furnished by the Essays of Montaigne. The spirit of the essays doubtless had been felt already in many a mind as by a universal law of reaction the intellect *does* supply the due theoretic equivalent to an inevitable course of conduct. But it was Montaigne certainly who made that emancipating ethic current coin. To Pascal, looking back upon the sixteenth century as a whole, Montaigne was to figure as the impersonation of its intellectual licence, while Shakespeare, who represents the free spirit of the Renaissance moulding the drama, hints, by his well-known preoccupation with Montaigne's writings, that just there was the philosophic counterpart to the fulness and impartiality of his own artistic reception of the experience of life.

Those essays, as happens with epoch-marking books, were themselves a life, the power which makes them what they are having accumulated in them imperceptibly by a thousand repeated modifications, like character in a person; and that life had just begun at the moment when Gaston presented himself to go along with the great "egotist" for a season. Born here, at the place whose name he took—*Montaigne*, the acclivity of Saint Michael—just thirty-six years before, brought up simply, earthily, at nurse in one of the neighbouring villages, to him it was doubled strength to return thither when, disgusted with the legal business which had filled his days hitherto, seeing that "France had more laws than all the rest of the world", and was—what one saw! he began the true work of his life, a continual journey in thought, "a continual observation of new and unknown things", his bodily self remaining, for the most part, with seeming indolence at home. It was Montaigne's boast that throughout those invasive times his house had lain open to all comers, that his frankness had been rewarded by immunity from all outrages of war,

of the crime war shelters : and openness—that all was wide open, searched through by light and warmth and air from the soil—was the impression it made on Gaston, as he passed from farmyard to garden, from garden to court, to hall, up the wide winding stair, to the uppermost chamber of the great round tower, in which sun-baked place the studious man still lingered over a late breakfast, telling, like all around, of a certain homely epicureanism, a rare mixture of luxury with a preference for the luxuries that after all were home-grown and savoured of his native earth. Sociable, of sociable intellect, and still inclining instinctively, as became his fresh and agreeable person, from the midway of life towards its youthful side, he was ever on the alert for a likely interlocutor to take part in the conversation which, sweetest, truly! of all modes of commerce, was also of service as stimulating that endless inward converse from which the essays were a kind of abstract. For him, as for Plato, the essential dialogue was that of the mind with itself; but this dialogue thrived best with, often needed, outward stimulus—physical motion, some text shot from a book, the queries and objections of a living voice. "My thoughts sleep if I sit still". Neither "thoughts" nor "dialogues" exclusively, but thoughts still partly imbedded in the dialogues which had evoked them, and hence with many seemingly arbitrary transitions, many links of connexion to be supposed, constituting their characteristic difficulty, the essays owe their actual publication at last to none of the usual literary motives—desire for fame, to instruct, to amuse, to sell—but to the sociable desire for a still wider range of conversation with others. He wrote for companionship, "if but one sincere man would make his acquaintance", speaking on paper as he "did to the first person he met". "If there be any person, any knot of good company, in France or elsewhere, who can like

my humour, and whose humours I can like, let them but whistle and I will run".

Notes of expressive facts, of words also worthy of note (for he was a lover of style) collected first for the help of an irregular memory, were becoming, in the quaintly labelled drawers, with labels of wise old maxim or device, the primary rude stuff or protoplasm of his proposed work, and already gave token of its scope and variety. "All motion discovers us", if to others so also to ourselves. Movement, rapid movement of some kind, a ride, the hasty survey of a shelf of books, best of all a conversation like this morning's with a visitor for the first time—amid the felicitous chances of that, at some random turn by the way, he would become aware of shaping purpose; the beam of light or heat would strike down, to illuminate, to fuse and organise the coldly accumulated matter of reason, of experience. Surely some providence over thought and speech led one finely through those haphazard journeys! Dependent to such degree on external converse for the best fruit of his own thought, he was also an efficient evocator of the thought of another—an original spirit which more than tolerated, which brought the originality of others into play. Here was one who (through natural predilection reinforced by theory) would welcome one's very self, undistressed by, while fully observant of, its difference from his own—one's errors, vanities, perhaps fatuities. Naturally eloquent, expressive, with a mind like a rich collection of the choice things of all times and countries, he was at his best, his happiest, amid the magnetic contacts of an easy conversation. When Gaston many years after came to read the famous essays, he found many a delightful conversation reset, and had the key we lack to their surprises, their capricious turns and lapses. He had opened the letter, had forthwith passed his genial criticism on the writer, and then, characteristi-

cally forgetting all about it, turned to the bearer as if he had been intimate with him for years. And the feeling was mutual. Gaston in half an hour seemed to have known his entertainer all his life. It was a flattery to have been sent hither.

In unimpeded talk with sincere persons of what quality soever—there, rather than in shadowy converse with or through even the best books—the flower, the fruit of mind was still in life-giving contact with its root. With books, as indeed with persons, his intercourse was apt to be desultory. Books! He was by way of asserting his independence of them, was their very candid friend: they were far from being an unmixed good. He would observe (the fact was its own scornful comment) that there were more books upon books than upon any other subject. Yet books—more than a thousand volumes, a handsome library for that day, nicely representative not only of literature but of the owner's taste therein—lay all around; and turning now to this, now to that, he handled their pages with nothing less than tenderness: it was the first of many inconsistencies which had about them a singularly taking air of reason, of equity. Plutarch and Seneca were soon in the foreground—they would still be at his elbow to test and be tested—masters of the autumnal wisdom that was coming to be his own, ripe and placid, from the autumn of old Rome, of life, of the world, the very genius of second thoughts, of exquisite tact and discretion, of judgment upon knowledge.

But the books dropped from his hands in the very midst of enthusiastic quotation, and the guest was mounting a little turret staircase, was on the leaden roof of the old tower amid the fat, noon-day Gascon scenery. He saw in bird's-eye view the country he was soon to become closely acquainted with, a country, like its people, of passion and capacity, though at that moment emphatically lazy.

Towards the end of life some conscientious pangs seem to have touched Montaigne's singularly humane and sensitive spirit as he looked back on the long intellectual entertainment he had had in following, as an inactive spectator, "the ruin of his country" through a series of chapters, every one of which had told emphatically in his own immediate neighbourhood. With its old and new battle-fields, its business, its fierce changes, and the old perennial sameness of men's ways beneath them all, it had been certainly matter of more assiduous reading than even those choice, incommensurable books of ancient Greek and Roman experience. The variable-ness, the complexity, the miraculous surprises of man, concurrent with the variety, the complexity, the surprises of nature, making all true knowledge of either wholly relative and provisional—a like insecurity in one's self, if one turned thither for some ray of clear and certain evidence—this, with an equally strong sense all the time of the interest, the power, and charm, alike of man and nature and of the individual mind—such was the sense of this open book, of all books and things: that was what this quietly enthusiastic reader was ready to assert as the sum of his studies; disturbingly, as Gaston found, reflecting on his long unsuspecting sojourn there, and detaching from the habits, the random traits of character, his concessions and hints and sudden emphatic statements, the soul and potency of the man.

How imperceptibly had darkness crept over them, effacing every thing but the interior of the great circular chamber, its book-shelves and enigmatic mottoes and the tapestry on the wall—Circe and her sorceries, in many parts, to draw over the windows in winter—where, supper over, the young wife entered at last. Always on the look-out for the sincerities of human nature (sincerity counting for life-giving form, whatever the matter

might be) as he delighted in watching children, Montaigne loved also to watch grown people when they were most like children, at their games therefore, and in the mechanical and customary parts of their existence, as discovering the real soul in them. Abstaining from the dice himself, since for him such "play was not play enough, but too grave and serious a diversion", and remarking that "the play of children is not performed in play, but to be judged as their most serious action", he set Gaston and the amiable, unpedantic lady to play together, where

he might observe them closely, the game turning still, irresistibly, to conversation, the last and sweetest, if somewhat drowsy relics of this long day's recreations. Was Circe's castle here? If Circe could turn men into swine, could she also release them again? It was frailty, certainly, that he remained here week after week, scarce knowing why, the conversation begun that morning lasting for nine months, over books, meals, in free rambles chiefly on horseback, as if in the waking intervals of a long day-sleep.

WALTER PATER.

*(To be continued.)*